Saturday Review

MARCH 31, 1956 / 20¢

RECORDINGS

DEBUSSY AT MME. VON MECK'S
By Victor Seroff
(See RECORDINGS)

THE ANNIHILATION OF PRIVACY
By Ashley Montagu

MADISON AVENUE AND THE ELECTION
By John Steinbeck

Pearl S. Buck, author of "Imperial Woman." (See page 12)

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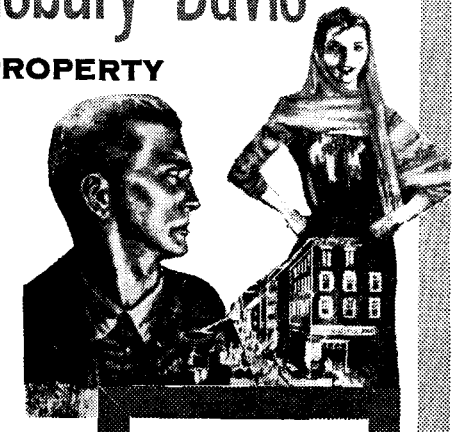

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The Saturday Review

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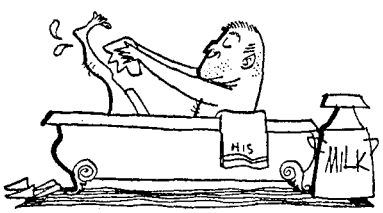
TRADE Winds

AN OUTSTANDING FEATURE of Edwin O'Connor's rousing portrait of an old-time political boss, "The Last Hurrah," is the fantastic reminiscences reeled off by the ward-heelers and hangers-on in what is at least a reasonable facsimile of Boston's City Hall. Typical is the story concerning one "Snapper" Brady, so named because he looked like a turtle—when he had his hair cut, that is—and was also a whiz on the musical saw.

Poor Snapper invariably developed a skin rash when hot weather set in and caked himself so with vaseline he smelled like an oil well. A henchman



with a delicate olfactory apparatus proposed that Snapper try a remedy endorsed by a French chantootsie: she kept her skin smooth and unblemished as a babe's posterior, she maintained, by wallowing in a tub-full of Grade-A milk. "Okay," decreed Snapper, pointing at a bathtub, "fill her up!"

Unfortunately, the milk bath turned out to be nothing but a snare and a delusion for the unfortunate Snapper. "To tell the truth," he complained, "not only was it lousy, but I come out feeling like a piece of cottage cheese."

RUMORS ABOUND THAT a venerable Hub politician thinks author O'Connor's Frank Skeffington comes so uncomfortably close to being a caricature of himself that he's threatening suit. He'll think twice before actually swinging into action, I'll vow. Never has a rascally city boss been depicted with greater affection and compassionate understanding.

I suggest that "The Last Hurrah" be boxed with John Marquand's "The Late George Apley" and sold as a set. The Irish and the Brahmins' points of view thus more than adequately propounded, it would remain only for somebody to come forward with a story about the "Eye-tal-ians," who, according to the baleful Boss Skeffington, threaten to boot both "the deserving sons of Erin and the Yankees" out of control of "the fairest city this side of the Shamrock."

We'll not see the likes of a city boss of Skeffington's stripe again, says author O'Connor, however, be he Irish, Italian, or Chinese. They lived on the patronage and political plums they could distribute, and all this, for better or for worse, is now in the hands of bigger operators in Washington, D. C.

FOR NEARLY FIVE YEARS, Little Brown have been distributing all Duell, Sloane, & Pearce books, but come June 30, announces Charles Duell, the alliance will be terminated. From that date forward David McKay will take over manufacturing and selling chores for DS&P books. Editorial, publicity, and promotion work will be handled exclusively in the DS&P offices at 124 East 30th Street, New York 16. . . . Van Cartmell has become Special Projects Director for the Hearst magazines. He will be in charge of all subsidiary rights on *Good Housekeeping, Cosmopolitan, House Beautiful, Harper's Bazaar, Town and Country,* and *Sports Afield.* . . . Nicholas Monsarrat, author of "The Cruel Sea," has signed with William Morrow for his forthcoming novel, "The Tribe That Lost Its Head." It's due in September. . . . Highlights of this and coming weeks: John Hersey's "A Single Pebble," Aubrey Menen's "The Abode of Love," Irwin Shaw's "Lucy Crown" (see page 13). . . .

Charlotte Newbegin, popular West Coast bookseller, has opened her own shop at 8 Tillman Place in San Francisco. It's a location rich in literary tradition. At the Temple Bar adjoining, George Sterling, Ambrose Bierce, Jack London, and Theodore Dreiser were once habitués.

THE FRENCH PEOPLE may not be able to maintain a stable government, but they do believe in encouraging the reading of books. Father Redmond

Burke, of De Paul University, sends me an envelope from Paris with "aujourd'hui achetez un livre" stamped prominently on the postmark. . . . The publisher of a cheap reprint edition of "The Odyssey," reports Kip Fadiman, received this endorsement from a satisfied customer: "I just read 'The

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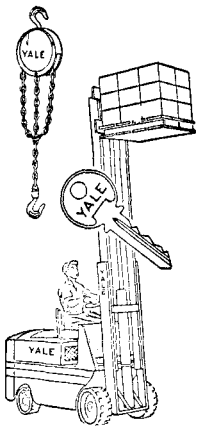

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	1955	1954
SALES and other receipts	$105,978,076	$88,982,724
Costs and expenses	96,028,239	85,243,407
Gross income	9,949,837	3,739,317
Taxes on income	5,270,000	1,912,506
NET INCOME FOR YEAR	4,679,837	1,826,811
Nonrecurring credit	1,570,334	—
NET INCOME AND CREDIT	$ 6,250,171	$ 1,826,811
NET INCOME PER SHARE (Not including nonrecurring credit)	$ 6.25	$ 2.89
Shares outstanding at Dec. 31	749,267	631,536
Cash dividends declared	$ 1,835,922	$ 1,258,822
Income reinvested in business	2,843,915	567,989
Payroll and employee-benefits	36,936,294	34,586,185
Stockholders' equity	$ 52,274,998	$43,234,675

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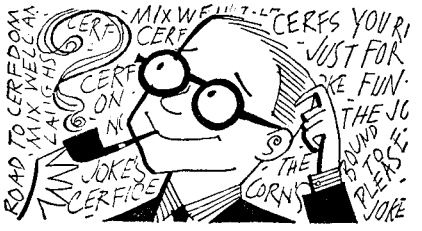
Odyssey.' Boy, that guy Homer sure can write! Is he going to do more books for you?"

SOME WEEKS AGO I ASKED TRADE WINDS readers for suggested titles for a new collection of stories and anecdotes I am compiling for publication in November by Doubleday-Hanover House. At this writing over 400 are on my desk—and they're still coming. I am overwhelmed—and grateful.

Over half the suggestions involved puns on my name, with "It Cerfs You Right" far in the lead, and "Road to Cerfdom," "Cerf at Random," "Bennettdiction," and "Cerfice with a Smile" trailing behind. Reverend MacGillivray (with an eye to sales at his own Boston College) proposed "I'll B.C.'ing You." Adolph Kroch favored



"Just for Fun." Barry James liked "Bound to Please." Max Marshall suggested "For Laughing Out Loud," Robert Coe "The Joke's on Me," R. Renneisen "The Corn's Still Green," Ed McKenna "Mix Well and Cerf," Donald Brodine "Ob-Cerf-Ations."

All have their merits, but the one I liked best was brought forward by my own dentist, Dr. Ed Pullman, whose name does not belie him. He's pulled many a good one in his day! His suggestion "The Life of the Party" has been adopted officially—and I hope you'll agree it's a sound choice.

CONTRIBUTORS ALSO HAVE volunteered some sound additions to Ted Breton's list of special dishes for which certain cities are remembered. Mrs. D. B. Ambrose drools over the Canadian cheese soup at Marshall Field's, the "incomparable" pizza at Luigi's on Nineteenth Street in Washington, and the crab soup at Henry's in Charleston, S.C. Dixie Caine urges an immediate trip to Key Largo for lime pie and green turtle soup. Harry Anderson favors chicken tocos at Ben's in Pecos, abalone in Monterey, and the whole darn menu chez Donna Luz in Taos. Catherine Loomis insists on mention of the prawns in San Francisco and the antebellum spoon bread in Roanoke, Virginia. Mrs. Margaret Martin sings the praises of the escalloped oysters en casserole at Kings Arms Tavern in Williamsburg. And Bert Pond reminds New Yorkers that they can find right in their own backyards

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such "incomparable delights" as the steamed clams at Clam Broth House in Hoboken, the hot dogs at Nathan's in Coney Island, the Italian lemon ice at the newsstand at Third and MacDougal Streets in the Village, and the baked beans at the Automat.

Merely listing all these delicacies is making me ravenously hungry.

IN "EASY THE HARD WAY" Hollywood producer Joe Pasternak describes some of the subterfuges he resorted to for making talented but irresponsible fellow Hungarians deliver overdue manuscripts. One lyricist gave him particular trouble. He would work only when he was penniless—and when creditors simply refused to loan him another dollar. Pasternak finally locked him in a room and planted himself outside. Every time the writer tossed a finished lyric through the transom the producer fluttered a couple of greenbacks down in return. When Pasternak opened the door he said, "You see how well this system works? I have my completed score and your credit is now reestablished." "In that case," proposed the writer, "how about lending me fifty dollars?"

ONE OF THE MOST BEGUILING characters I've encountered in book form in many a day is "Eloise," the creation of Kay Thompson, aided and abetted by an equally clever illustrator, Hilary Knight. Eloise is a poor-little-rich girl being brought up by a distracted English nurse in the wide open spaces of New York's Plaza Hotel. Whenever Eloise is hungry she just calls room service and orders such out-of-season delicacies as strike her fancy. She also idles away the hours by "sklonking"

Vincent the barber on the kneecap while he's shaving customers, pouring pitchers of water down the mail chute, and hiding in "a hole in the ceiling" (where the spotlight is operated) while a dance or wedding is in progress on the ballroom floor below. "It gets so hot," she complains, "I always have to wear my sun visor." Kay Thompson has made her seem so real that people actually are buttonholing the manager of the Plaza these days, demanding an introduction.

If you haven't read about "Eloise" yet I can't imagine what you're waiting for! —BENNETT CERF.

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Literary Sampler

THE DECORATION ON SHAW'S THOUGHT: By many Shaw was thought to be "an irresponsible joker"; but his kind of joking is a characteristic of the Irish; and Shaw in his temperament is Irish of the Irish. We Irish when we think, and we often do this, are just as serious and sober as the Englishman; but we never hesitate to give a serious thought the benefit and halo of a laugh. This joking sage, Shaw, has been a godsend to England (and to Ireland, too), for his wisdom, his love of truth and freedom, his gay spirit, and fearless conduct have been a banner before us, a banner and a bugle band leading the slow, the certain, the glorious ascent of man.

—From "The Green Crow," by Sean O'Casey (George Braziller)

THE UNDISGUISABLE AMERICAN: How Britishers can spot an American so surely, even before he utters a word, remained to me a mystery to the end. They said it was my hat, so I got a French beret. But did they mistake me for a Frenchman? They did not. They said it was my necktie, so I got a Swiss necktie. But did they take me for a Switzer? They did not. They said it was my overcoat, so I got an Austrian overcoat. But did they mistake me for an Austrian? They did not. Wearing a French beret, a Swiss necktie, an Austrian overcoat, and driving an English Austin with a large "G.B." for Great Britain on the license plate, I was spotted as an American everywhere . . . "Oh, it's just the way you look and walk," said a Cockney waitress in Harrod's. But she had spotted me as an American when I was sitting down, looking the other way.

—From "The American Tradition," by John Hicks (Houghton Mifflin)

WHAT WE OWE THE PAST: A man learns not only, like a rat, from his private individual experiences, but also from the collective experience of a society, of all men, alive or dead. . . . If Stevenson had had to start from scratch where the "first man" started he would never have designed a locomotive; his inventive genius might have found expression in a particularly stylish stone knife! The biological utility of communicable information is perhaps more obvious still in its negative application. *Homo sapiens* seems to be literally omnivorous. No innate appetite guides a weaned child what to eat as it impels a calf to eat grass. Many poisons look eminently appetizing. If men had to learn their avoidance by trial and error human mortality would have been so heavy that the species would hardly have multiplied. Just as organisms with several reflex responses have managed better to survive and to multiply more economically than those more scantily equipped, just as animals that can learn by experience are still better fitted to survive and reproduce their kind, so men, who can learn from one another's experiences, have been the most successful species biologically.

—From "Society and Knowledge: The Growth of Human Traditions," by V. G. Childe (Harper)

ART'S THREE FACES: Ruskin, who is still the wisest philosopher to whom we can turn for the truth about the subject, once said that a work of art, in addition to *looking* well, must also *speak* well and *act* well. These homely words express in a phrase the threefold nature of an activity which is usually discussed as if it had only a single nature. Critics who emphasize the need of art to look well, and neglect its other aspects, are called esthetes, and since Oscar Wilde's time (for he was a typical representative of this attitude) they have been out of fashion. Nevertheless, they expressed a third of the truth about art.

People who emphasize the need of art to speak well are usually moralists of some kind. Their greatest representative was Tolstoy, but with a different morality in mind, they have more recently been represented by the "socialist-realists" in Russia, who believe that the function of art is primarily to further the cause of socialism. Art for such people is merely an effective way of saying or illustrating some idea (a religious or political ideology), and the importance of art, therefore, corresponds to the importance of its message.

The third set of people believe that art is primarily a way of making or doing something useful, and that its value corresponds to its functional efficiency. Good architecture, they say, is found wherever you have a building which is fit for its purpose—strong, convenient, and commodious. They go so far as to say that when the work of man has these qualities the other aspects of a work of art are automatically present—that what works well looks well and speaks well.

—From "A Coat of Many Colours," by Herbert Read (Horizon Press)

"Every man is a

traitriot

—part patriot—part traitor"

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THE LOYAL AND THE DISLOYAL

by MORTON GRODZINS

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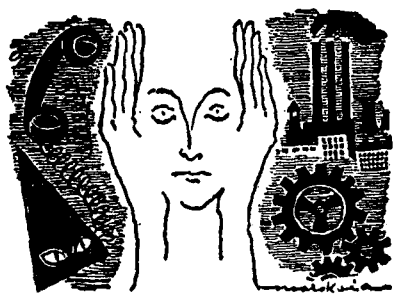
The Saturday Review
MARCH 31, 1956

THE ANNIHILATION OF PRIVACY



Too much noise has been a problem in cities since Rome's fashionable citizens were annoyed by the regular collapses of old slums during the whole night. But noise is just one outward sign of the assaults on our privacy in this busybody age. The telephone, the radio, the commercial, busses and horns, refrigerators going on and off—all of these things are constantly prying into our consciousness. Ashley Montagu, chairman of the anthropology department at Rutgers and author of "The Natural Superiority of Women," discusses here some of the long-range implication for human tranquility and creativity of this war of nerves.

By ASHLEY MONTAGU

IN RECENT years the increasing isolation of the individual and the fragmentation of social relationships in an age of anxiety have become matters of frequent comment. In a now famous book published in 1941, "Escape from Freedom," Dr. Erich Fromm pointed out that modern society affects man simultaneously in two distinct, yet related, ways. Man becomes more independent and he becomes more isolated, alone, and afraid. Man flees from freedom because freedom has thrown him upon his own resources, to sink or swim by his own efforts, and I am going to suggest that man's flight from this kind of anxious freedom serves to foster the conditions which minister to the shrinkage of his personality and the ever-growing invasion of his privacy.

In T. S. Eliot's "The Cocktail Party" one of the characters remarks:

> . . . Do you know—
> It no longer seems worth while
> to *speak* to anyone! . . .
> No . . . it isn't that I *want* to be alone,
> But that everyone's alone—or so it seems to me.
> They make noises, and think they are talking to each other;
> They make faces, and think they understand each other.
> And I'm sure they don't. . . .

The fear of being "desocialized," of being alone, is a healthy fear, for the biosocial nature of man is directed toward *relatedness* as the process of living. To be or feel alone is both unnatural and unhealthy. Man is socially the most highly developed of all creatures. Interaction with other human beings is an environmental necessity to him. No man can survive as an island entire of himself. No man wants to be an island. But every human being wants and needs to replenish his resources for being social by having a room of his own, as it were, a sanctuary to which he can retire and in which he can be alone with himself, undisturbed by the rumors and alarums of the outside world. I am going to suggest that the increasing loss of privacy from which Western man is suffering, particularly in the United States of America, serves, among other things, to reduce rather than to increase the chances of the individual being able to discover what those things are that are right and healthy for him, as a human being, to do. And that from this fact spring certain serious psychological consequences.

A genuinely healthy society holds together by the respect which men give to men, by the recognition of the biosocial needs of man for relatedness, and the making available of the means by which that relatedness can be achieved. Such a society, instead of providing men with instruments that make them less than themselves, affords them the means of becoming instruments of something greater than themselves. In spite of the superficial appearances our society lamentably fails to afford such opportunities to the majority of individuals. We teach the three "R's," but we teach them as techniques for the achievement of limited objectives. Our educational attitudes are not directed toward "drawing out" but toward "pumping in." Our value system is a conflicting one, in which the worship of God is taught on the one hand and of Mammon on the other. The pursuit of life in reality reduces itself to the pursuit of a living, "liberty" assumes the form of economic liberty, and "happiness" resolves itself into getting whatever one can out of life by whatever means one can. In the United States we have achieved the highest

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standard of living in the world—but it is seldom, if ever, added, it is at the highest cost of ulcers, mental breakdowns, homicide, violent crime, juvenile delinquency, alcoholic, and drug addiction rates, in the entire world. Can it be that something is somewhere wrong? That there are causes for all this breakdown, death, and destruction of human beings—that these causes are traceable ones?

TODAY anyone who chooses can cause your phone to ring and invade your privacy whether you like it or not. Whether you like it or not anyone who chooses to do so can know everything—both true and false—that it is possible to know about you, in fact, more than you know about yourself. In this our Government sets the example, for the Federal Bureau of Investigation has millions of such records on file in Washington. The files of the Congressional Committee on Un-American Activities are open to anyone who cares to use them. Then there are the manpower lists, the biographical reference works, specialty lists, credit ratings, telephone books, Black Books, Red Books, Who Knows What Books, the scandalmongering yellow press, private eyes, public eyes, FBI's, wiretapping, TV and radio brainwashing, and so on. Privacy has gone with the waves. "Big Brother" of George Orwell's powerful and prophetic novel, "Nineteen Eighty-Four," is already watching you. A life of one's own is already well-nigh impossible, and the paradox is observed that in a world in which the private life of the individual daily shrinks, and his social life with his fellow human beings is reduced to the narrowest dimensions, that his life should become increasingly more public.

Small-town gossip was at one time the only medium through which such publicity could be achieved—or rather thrust upon one. But that was a very primitive medium compared with the devices at our disposal in the modern age. Today we have gossip sheets with huge circulations which specialize in the exposure of the most intimate details of the individual's life—whether such details are true or false matters not one bit. Duly elected members of the Congress use their positions for political and private purposes to institute public Congressional Inquisitions during which the reputations of those whom they wish to destroy are nakedly exposed to the public gaze. If the Government sets the example for such antinomian indecencies, it is not surprising that innumerable individuals have set themselves up in everything ranging from one-man vigilante committees to group organizations dedicated to the investigation of the private life of any and every individual whom they choose to pillory. These individuals and organizations are more than willing, they are anxious, to supply anyone who asks for it with such information. And if it isn't asked for they will supply it whenever they can. As a consequence of such publicity many persons have been deprived of the right to earn a living.

It has even been suggested that this kind of desecration of men's privacy be put on a "scientific" basis. Dr. W. H. Sheldon, for example, in a book entitled "Varieties of Delinquent Youth" (Harper's, 1949), has suggested that since "we have begun to forget *who are* the biologically best" people . . . this difficulty could be overcome "if standardized photographic records of even a few hundred thousands of a well-sampled population were to be kept for so short a time as half a dozen generations, together with biographical summaries embracing the physiological, psychiatric, and social adventures of this sample population. . . ." And he goes on to suggest that at a very small cost "we could keep central files of standardized photographs of the entire population."

And, of course, these photographs will be in the nude. Thus will the last of our privacies be stripped from us. Our warts and our wrinkles, not to mention more private parts of our anatomy, would become the vicarious property of the public custodian. The possibilities are very interesting.

Since we are now in the Cinderella-land of photography it should be mentioned that telephoto lenses are now able to pick up scenes over great distances, and that it is now possible to do this with television and sound and other recording devices. Such devices have already been used by crime investigators and the military. Their application to civilian life is already creeping in.

In addition to the one-way glass screens through which one can be observed without being aware of it, there are schools in the United States today in which the principal can listen in on the classroom, and hospitals in which the nurse can listen in on the patient. Television for similar purposes is just around the corner. Here, too, the possibilities are very interesting.

In the realm of sound or rather *noise* it must be said that the offenses committed this way in the United States are unparalleled for sheer barbarism anywhere else in the world. Many years ago Schopenhauer wrote an essay "On Noise." It is many years since I read it, but I vividly recall how scorching Schopenhauer was on the sudden sharp brain-stopping, thought-killing explosive cracking of the whips of coachmen and others. What Schopenhauer would have had to say on the din and discord created by the automobile horns of today, the noises of starting and gear-shifting, the back-

Thanksgiving in May

By M. A. DeWolfe Howe

HERE in the Mayday morning sun,
Trees in the Square tip-toeing into green,
I offer thanks,
First for my ninetieth spring, and then for friends,
All but a few my juniors now.
Beyond these blessings and all others,
Thanks for the memories
Of many a year gone by!

If out of these I could expunge a few,
How many more there are
That I would hug like treasures to my heart,
So utterly my own
That now I cannot name them
Except in whispers to myself!

Nothing I brought here when I came,
And nothing can I take away,
Yet, of possessions I must leave behind,
The one that I should sorrow most to leave
Would be my store of memories—
Or may it be that just a few of these
Will bear me company when I go hence?
Then never would my song of thanks be stilled.

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firing of trucks and buses, and the screeching and groaning of brakes and tires—all to the accompaniment of a perfusion of essence of gasoline exhaust fumes—can only be guessed at.

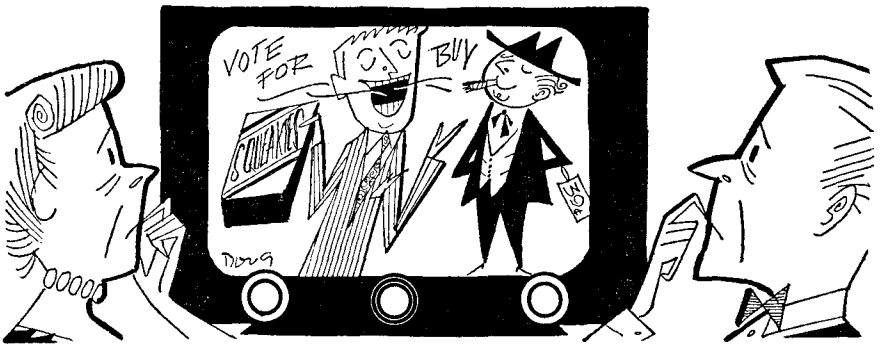
Public noises, sanctioned and created by public agencies, are among the most barbarous and stupid of destroyers of the individual's inalienable right to quietude. At all times of the day and night their licensed discords are encouraged to break in on one. Consider the piercing shrieks that suddenly fracture the smog-laden air when the police in their cars are bent on getting somewhere in a hurry. The principal function of the sirens when the police are hurrying to the scene of a crime is, I presume, to announce their impending arrival to the criminals so that the latter may make a leisurely getaway. To these iniquities of the police-car sirens add those of ambulances, rescue squads, and the clanging of fire-engine bells (the least offensive of the noises).

How thick-skinned must one grow in order not to understand that the sudden noise of sirens constitutes a nerve-wracking violation of one's privacy, and a damaging assault upon one's nervous system? For nothing is more effective than such noises in producing an unpleasant jumpiness of the nervous system. It is not without significance that in no other civilized land in the world does one encounter such noisome sirens as those of the police cars in the United States. How far gone must one be not to know that the last thing on earth a sick or injured person wants to hear while he is being driven to a hospital is the clanging signal or siren of the ambulance. This only serves to disturb him and contribute to his anxiety—as well as to that of everyone else. Surely, some other means could be devised which would enable such vehicles to gain a speedy right of way—if only by the adoption of more pleasant sounds or signals?

URBANITES who think to escape these impertinences of noise by moving to the country may find that factory whistles or sirens or both can be uncomfortably annoying, and what is perhaps even more hard to bear, every so often one will be awakened from sleep by the community fire-siren, which whines and moans and groans until all the firemen have appeared—and all sleep has vanished. Effective signals under rural conditions are highly necessary, but, again, surely some less barbarous means to summon firemen could be devised? It it done in other parts of the world.

Ah, public-address systems. These

(*Continued on page* 32)



MADISON AVENUE AND THE ELECTION

By JOHN STEINBECK

THE REPUBLICAN and Democratic National Committees have announced that advertising agencies will again design their Presidential campaigns in 1956. This gives rise to some speculation on the virtues and the dangers of such a cause.

The last Presidential campaign was also handled by major agencies, and the methods successfully employed then will doubtless be used again. Chief among the tactics then used was the trapping of captive television viewers. It works this way. Let us say there is a fat comedian who is so admired that when his show goes on X millions of television screens welcome him. His admirers gather by families, by clans. Bars with TV are jammed. So funny is this man that people laugh before he speaks because they know how funny he is going to be. They feel close to him and also they feel indebted to him to the extent of rushing out to buy the product he endorses. This is the purpose of his being on television at all. Now, in addition to being amused his audience is also half-hypnotized. Television does this to people. Their eyes glaze, their mouths go slack, and they move only with great effort. They are truly a captive audience. The time following such a program is very valuable for here you have X millions of people in a will-less, helpless state, unable to resist any suggestion offered—even that of breakfast food. This then is the time when the Republican or Democratic National Committee, through the advertising company, steps in with a short, sharp message. Sometimes it is a sweet thought of the great good to come. At other times the virtues of the candidate are dangled before the hypnotized viewers. Laborers, housewives, common, simple people are shown joyfully announcing their intentions of voting the proper ticket. It is hoped that the captive audience, when it regains the power of locomotion, will be so conditioned that it will be drawn with zombie inevitability to the Republicans' or the Democrats' side of the ballot. If they will buy the things they are told to buy, and they do, then they will vote the way they are told to vote. Q.E.D.

THERE is only one difficulty in all of this and don't think the National Committees are not aware of it. The captive audience has been conditioned to buy Squeakies—the body-building bran dust. Then suddenly the message changes and they are told to vote for Elmer Flangdangle for Senator.

Now the responses of the captive audience are slow and slightly confused, which is what the great advertising company wants them to be. There is a great danger that they will buy a Senator and vote for a cereal. It was no accident that a cleansing powder won three public offices last year and that the sovereign people of the State of South Tioga elected a two-tone convertible to the governorship. The danger does not stop here. If in our country there should be candidates capable of good natured chicanery, and if they should enter into partnership with advertising agencies, the possibilities are frightening. Could a captive TV audience resist a chocolate-coated candidate or one with sugar and cream in his hair? Why the electorate might even insist on tasting candidates before voting.

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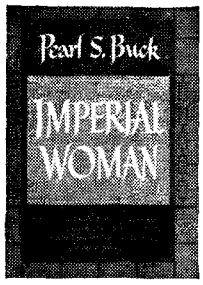

SR's Book of the Week:

"IMPERIAL WOMAN"

By PRESTON SCHOYER

IT IS surprising that the history of Tzu Hsi T'ai Hou, the Empress Dowager and last true ruler of Imperial China, has not been made the subject of a novel before. Certainly, no fictioneer could imagine a more incredible woman or a more exotic and adventurous life. In "Imperial Woman" (John Day, $4.95) Pearl Buck has done a remarkable and painstaking job in recreating her, the court life she dominated, and the somber times she influenced. Tzu Hsi, as the author points out, liked to compare herself with Queen Victoria, she the Queen of the East, Victoria the Queen of the West. But though their reigns were parallel and though each ruled alone through most of her time upon the throne, there the comparison ends. Victoria's life and personality were a pale lavender compared to the brilliant and often clashing colors that symbolize the life and character of the Queen of the East.

Tzu Hsi is fascinating because she was a woman in conflict within herself, and the conflict was never small but on an epic scale. She had many talents: she was a scholar, a patron of the arts, an artist in her own right, she was gifted as a writer. She was extremely intelligent. She could plan grand strategy as well if not better than her best statesmen and generals. She was a woman of passion, energy, and great beauty. She won her way to power—she began her life in Peking's Forbidden City as no more than a concubine of the third rank—and held that power by adultery and then murder.

To many historians she gives verisimilitude to the old Chinese saying "A clever man buildeth up a city but a clever woman teareth it down." Nevertheless, Pearl Buck treats her, on the whole, with sympathy. This interpretation may cause some Sinologues to feel that the historical record has been abused. But it is true enough that for all her cruelty and ruthlessness in forwarding her boundless ambition—and no woman could rise to power in China without being ruthless—the Empress Dowager was essentially a tragic character, both as a woman and as an empress. As woman she was forced, if in part by her own ambition, to walk through life alone. She was denied the one man she loved and forced into intimacy with an emperor who was a debauched weakling. The succeeding emperor, her only child, turned against her. On the grander scale, she fought for her dynasty and her country against odds that inevitably doomed both. Though a Manchu, she fought to preserve traditional China, believing its grace and wisdom best for her people, yet failing fully to comprehend that through sheer old age that grace and wisdom had degenerated to a brittle, stagnant sham. And though her vigor, and almost hers alone, did preserve the empire and the dynasty in her lifetime, she was forced to yield and yield again to the hated foreigner.

Though Pearl Buck does not touch on the consequences of the Empress Dowager's sixty years "in office," the story makes clear that much of the pain that China has subsequently suffered might have been avoided if the Manchus had collapsed earlier, or if the Empress, like her nephew, had supported reform instead of reaction. Read in this light, "Imperial Woman" provides a painless way to acquire a background understanding of subsequent Chinese history. It even makes clearer what must still be mysterious to many Westerners, how the China of Confucius could fall so easily into the modern "imperialism" of the Communists.

As a novel, vivid though it is, there is in it, to this reviewer at least, a quality of remoteness. One is seldom there, as, say, one is very much in the thick of things in Maurice Collis's literary explorations into Chinese history. This is unfortunate, though perhaps inevitable because of the nature of the life Pearl Buck describes and because she looks out at the world from the viewpoint of her subject. But also it seems due in part to the author's style. Eminently suitable in its simple, rolling solemnity to the peasant life she describes so well in her masterpiece, "The Good Earth," that style seems less felicitous in application to the exotic worldliness, the complex subtleties, the urbane sophistication, and the exquisitely mannered nonsense of imperial Peking.

—Elizabeth Colman.

THE AUTHOR: "I have a curious feeling that now, at last, I have changed my roots to the United States," Pearl Buck said in her New York apartment the other day. "I believe that's going to show in my work, although China permeates my feelings and always will—the old China, that is." Mrs. Buck first lived in the old China as the daughter of American missionaries, and after college (Virginia's Randolph-Macon Woman's College) as the wife of an American agriculture teacher. "I had a feeling of complete ignorance when I got out of college," she says. "I felt I wasn't ready to write. For ten years I lived in China, between battlefields, in parts of China where people had never been, raising my two daughters. I learned a lot in those ten years, and then one day I felt ready to begin." Her first novel was destroyed by a Communist mob, her second was published, and her third, "The Good Earth," won her a Pulitzer Prize and was translated into thirty languages. Now sixty-three and the author of forty-three books, she has lived in Bucks County, Pa., with her second husband and publisher, Richard Walsh, and four adopted children since 1935. Other milestones of the past two decades: the Nobel Prize in 1938; election to the American Academy of Arts and Letters (one of two women members); work for retarded children, of whom her oldest daughter is one, and founding of Welcome House, which she started in 1949 to help in the difficult task of adoption for Asian-Americans and which today has a long waiting list for its more than 100 children. "The community is behind this now and it long since passed out of my jurisdiction," she said, proudly. "I think we've grown to have a feeling for Asians as people, not curiosities, and I think the Asians' illusions about us are gone. We're much more human than they expected, and I'm not sure they don't like us better for the mistakes we openly make. There's much less sentiment on both sides. I welcome that." Currently working on television writing and a novel, Mrs. Buck has at least one more world up her sleeve. "Like all novelists, I hanker to write a play. Perhaps life gets more compressed as you get older, like compact dramatic writing." —RICHARD LEMON.

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—Richard L. Simon.

Irwin Shaw—"clever prose, craftsmanship."

Domestic Deception

"Lucy Crown," by Irwin Shaw *(Random House. 339 pp. $3.95), describes the effects of the infidelities of a felinely beautiful matron on her estranged husband and young son.*

By James Kelly

FOR SOME readers Irwin Shaw's new novel, "Lucy Crown," will be a remarkably apt comment on the modern, high-style marriage, complete with rudderless child and freedom for neuroses. For others it will be a loosely linked chain of domestic confrontations proving mostly that life is morose and doom-laden. Either way the infidelities of a felinely beautiful matron named Lucy Crown and their effect upon her estranged husband and bitter, lonely son give Mr. Shaw a mobile vehicle for somber comment on the ways of the world.

As a novel "Lucy Crown" samples more of the moral dilemmas of Graham Greene than the passionate social problems of Mr. Shaw's previous novels, "The Young Lions" and "Troubled Air." Shall an alert woman allow her husband to stifle her individuality? Shall a husband forgive an errant wife? Is adultery "the upper-middle class American woman's form of self-expression"? Should the child of such a marriage be expected to pay the biggest price? These are the worthy problems raised in this fictional game of truth and consequences. Yet one feels that the book has been written, not felt, that these human materials have been dealt with clinically.

It is as if complexly motivated and related characters from one of Mr. Shaw's *New Yorker* stories were projected upon a bigger screen. They talk smartly and react credibly in the visual tableaux arranged for them. But they do not grow in size or significance. There's an intellectual aridity that locks them forever in coldly dramatic poses, unrescued by affectionate sympathy from their creator. And some readers will feel a certain queasiness when invited to peep at the victims in their helpless exposure.

"When we look back into the past we recognize a moment in time which was decisive, at which the pattern of our lives changed, a moment at which we moved irrevocably off in a new direction." For the Crown family it is the Vermont summer of 1937 when thirteen-year-old Tony catches his mother in transient lust with a worshipful college boy. From this point we watch the lives of Tony, Lucy, and Oliver Crown spin downward: Tony, to bewildered exile in smart boys' schools and sardonic expatriate adulthood; Lucy, to the search for fulfilment through uncritical sex; Oliver, to the collapse of refinement and the mock heroics of an overage officer in the 1941 war. They are real people, disturbing to contemplate as they repeatedly prove their incompatibility: mother and son, father and son, mother and father flashbacked to 1940 encounters. And finally Lucy, Tony, and Tony's wife at a climactic chance meeting in the Paris of 1955 as they spar their way to a glimmer of hope. When it's all over we wish them better luck and a kinder fate while rejecting their symbols.

"Lucy Crown" will not disappoint Shaw followers who expect clever prose and scene-by-scene craftsmanship. But it is likely to appeal most to those who like to swallow off-beat domestic problems, unsugarcoated.

—Sergis Alberts.

Viña Delmar—"well written, authentic."

Unjealous Husband

"Beloved," by Viña Delmar *(Harcourt, Brace. 379 pp. $3.95), is a romantic biography of Judah P. Benjamin, the Jew who served as Governor of Louisiana and Secretary of State of the Confederacy.*

By Harrison Smith

WHEN Viña Delmar first appeared on the literary scene, in the Twenties, saccharine love stories were still the currency of the day. Her series of accurately realistic studies of the tribulations of young women in city life, bearing such flaming titles as "Bad Girl," "Loose Ladies," "Kept Women," and "The Marriage Racket," changed all that. Even those readers who have watched her work steadily mature since then will be surprised to discover that her tenth novel is based on the life of one of America's most distinguished lawyers, Judah Benjamin, who served as Governor of Louisiana, Secretary of War, and finally Secretary of State of the Confederate Government during the Civil War, with not even that the end of his astonishing career.

"Beloved" may seem to be an odd title for an historical and biographical novel of a statesman, but it has its appropriateness, for that was the name applied to him by the beautiful Creole girl of wealth and family he married, one of those unfortunate women now labeled nymphomaniacs.

Judah Benjamin was the son of a devout Jewish family living in Charleston, S. C. A brilliant student, he was sent to Yale by a kindly benefactor at the age of fourteen. He had to go home in disgrace when racially-prejudiced classmates accused him of stealing. With a few dollars in his pocket he headed for turbulent New Orleans, where he found a place for himself in a friendly lawer's office. He was a handsome, ambitious youth, whose charm and brilliance could not be denied. While he was mastering New Orleans's complex legal system he decided to increase his income by tutoring lovely, amorous Natalie St. Martin. In a few months he had married her and was living with her in her parents' luxurious mansion. A biographer who was not a novelist might assume that he was deliberately feathering his own nest; but Viña Delmar never doubts the honesty of his passion and his complete lack of jealousy when Natalie returned from a visit to a lover with the explanation that she had been "shopping."

In a few years Benjamin was the

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most renowned lawyer in the state, with a palatial home and estate down the river, where there were no lovers for Natalie. Then came the day he returned from a trip to New York, bringing a diamond necklace he had bought from August Belmont, to find that she had fled to Paris. In the many letters she sent him over the years she always addressed him as "Beloved." For Benjamin life had to go on without Natalie. He was elected Governor of Louisiana, and when Jefferson Davis was forming his cabinet after Lincoln's election the President of the Confederacy sent for him.

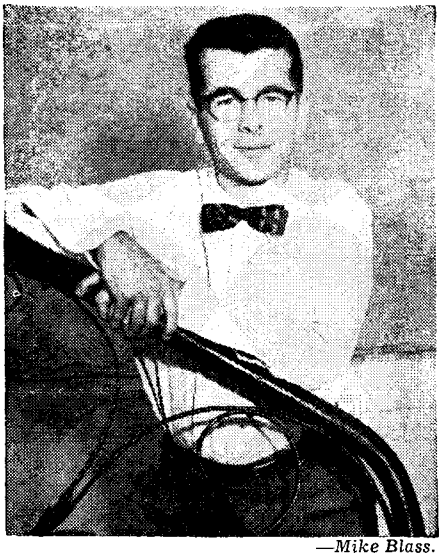
Miss Delmar's chapters devoted to the war are well written and doubtless authentic. President Davis is portrayed as a contentious man who tried to dominate his cabinet. The retreat from Richmond after General Lee's surrender is dramatic, though it presents Davis as a terrified and witless fugitive. Secretary Benjamin escapes to Florida, his wealth and estates having vanished.

Eventually he made his way to London. In an astonishingly short time the Louisiana lawyer became a leader of the British bar. He died happily with Natalie and a Catholic priest hovering over him. Benjamin's conquest of London may have to be taken with a few grains of salt, but after all "Beloved" is a romance, and one can forgive a good deal of prejudice in favor of a man who so deeply loved his erring wife.

DOOMED BALLPLAYER: Baseball fiction entered maturity with Ring Lardner's "You Know Me Al." It is now brilliantly composed by Eliot Asinov, by Charles Einstein—and by Mark Harris, the title of whose most recent novel, **"Bang the Drum Slowly"** (Knopf, $3.50), comes from a cowboy song, "O bang the drum slowly and play the fife slowly,/Play the dead march as they carry me on," and sets the mood of a novel which tells the story of a baseball player who knows that he is the victim of a fatal disease. "I am doomed," says Bruce Pearson when he learns he has Hodgkin's Disease.

There will be death in the indefinite but probably near future, but until it comes he can play ball. "I been handed a ——— deal," he says. "But the world is all rosy. It never looked better." The emotions of all Mark Harris's characters are primitive and uncultivated, and there is no sentimentality in Pearson as he faces death or in his teammates when they learn that one of their number is playing his last season. They are unsophisticated, physically-centered men, and Mr. Harris has respected their emotional and mental simplicity. In his treatment of his theme he is shallow beside Tolstoy's treatment of the same theme in "The Death of Ivan Ilych," but he is deep alongside Hemingway's treatment of the last days of Colonel Cantwell as recounted in "Across the River and Into the Trees."

—Gorham Munson.



—*Mike Blass.*

Mark Harris—". . . primitive emotions."

ROMANTIC SINGER: In **"The Signorina"** (Crown, $3.95) Henry Myers has written a biographical novel about Maria Malibran, a nineteenth-century opera singer who managed to gather all the ingredients of an absorbing work of fiction into her short and widely celebrated career. She was the daughter of a brutish, tyrannical, but accomplished Spanish singer, Manuel Garcia, who was determined that Maria should become the outstanding operatic luminary of her generation—which she did. Her first big successes took place in New York City in 1825-1826 with the troupe organized by her father to introduce Italian opera to the United States; and in that city, one day before her eighteenth birthday, she married a supposedly wealthy merchant, Eugène Malibran, who was old enough to be her father and who promptly went bankrupt. In less than two years she had left him and returned to Europe to commence a dazzling decade in the leading opera houses and the salons of the aristocracy. A young violinist-composer, Charles de Bèriot, became her lover, the father of her son, and eventually her legal husband. And then she died, quite suddenly, at the age of twenty-eight.

It is quite a story. A biographical novel about Maria Malibran need only stick to the facts for its plot, leaving the interpretation and filling out of those facts to the novelist's imagination and artistry. Mr. Myers's publishers assure us that this is what he has done. But he has not. "The Signorina" distorts history badly and ends by being neither a dependable biography nor a compelling piece of fiction. Mr. Myers, for example, puts Eugène Malibran's age at seventy and has Maria marry him in cold blood and without permission solely to escape her father's domination. In fact, Eugène was forty-four, Maria was obviously in love (her letters to him prove it), and her parents consented to the marriage. The relationship between Eugène and Maria could well be illuminated by a novelist, but Mr. Myers only beclouds the episode. Again "The Signorina" describes Maria's appearance "in 'The Devil's Bridge,' by Adrien Boieldieu." "It is our fashion in this moment of musical history," writes Henry Myers, "to know nothing of Boieldieu." Apparently so, since "The Devil's Bridge" was composed by two Englishmen named Charles Horn and John Braham.

Similar historical blemishes mar the entire novel. Maria Malibran deserves better than this. —Roland Gelatt.

ATTACK ON USA: In Pat Frank's **"Forbidden Area"** (Lippincott, $3.50) one Henry Hazen and his sweetheart, making love on an isolated Florida beach by night, witness, of all things, the landing of a Buick and three men from the dark shape of a submarine. The three men are Russians who have been trained to be Americans, and, happily, young Hazen reports them to the authorities. Mr. Frank then takes us to an interesting meeting of six men and a woman in a windowless recess of the Pentagon. These are known as the Intentions of the Enemy Group. Their job is to think unremittingly of what they would do if they were the enemy, the famous word THINK being their slogan—with the rider LIKE THE ENEMY. For good cause this group becomes unanimously convinced that Russia is about to launch an attack on the U.S., and it is precisely here that Mr. Frank's novel touches its main note of warning. No one will pay any attention to the Group's report, and, Mr. Frank seems to be saying, such complacency—of two kinds—is the deadliest danger the nation might face. First we must not believe in the impossibility of attack; and, second, we must not be lulled into security by the improbability of a given circumstance. One Naval officer in this story makes the vital decision on a long shot simply because he was at Pearl Harbor when the listeners decided that the radar indication of approaching raiders must

(*Continued on page* 31)

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Planning to Defend Ourselves

"Military Policy and National Security," by William W. Kaufmann, Gordon A. Craig, Roger Hilsman, and Klaus Knorr *(Princeton University Press. 274 pp. $5), is an examination of the USA's greatest contemporary problem by four Princeton professors. Brig. Gen. S. L. A. Marshall, military critic of the* Detroit News. *reviews it below.*

By S. L. A. Marshall

TO WILLIAM F. KAUFMANN of Princeton University, who edited and wrote most of "Military Policy and National Security," and to his three scholarly collaborators—Gordon A. Craig, Roger Hilsman, and Klaus Knorr—a respectful salute is due.

They undertook to unscrew the inscrutable and almost did it. Their joint commentary on the national military policy and the security deriving of it falls short of a taproot analysis of American power and its application. A well-rounded and balanced estimate was not attempted. To that extent the book's substance does not justify its title. We have here eight essays on American foreign policy, certain aspects of defense, and the related problems of some allies. It is still a deeply-written and thought-provoking book, though it is hard wading because of the inclusion of much abstruse argument.

The chapters are: "The Requirements of Deterrence"; "Strategic Doctrine for Nuclear War"; "Passive Air Defense of the United States"; "Limited Warfare"; "Military Potential in the Nuclear Age"; "Coalition and Alliances"; "NATO and the New German Army," and "Force and Foreign Policy." The list reveals the scope of the study as well as its limits. There are obvious gaps such as the lack of a reasoned estimate of the practicality of civil defense and of any concept about the impact of the new area weapons on the traditional defensive order. In its critical portions the book is more of an appraisal of what is right or wrong in our foreign policy than a weighing of its existing power base.

Even so, the chairborne strategist, if he reads patiently and does not become discouraged by the tendency of the authors to be scholarly about that which might be more effectively discussed simply and with less attention to marginal considerations, will come through, if not with intellect refreshed, then with imagination stirred.

For authors Kaufmann, Hilsman, Knorr, and Craig this is no mean feat. It isn't easy to nail cranberry jelly to a wall. The task at hand warrants that description.

When, years ago, General Upton took pen in hand to write a first study of "The Military Policy of the United States" his was a kindergarten exercise. How we were armed was an open secret. The security system had not been born. The strength of our possible enemies could be counted in hard numbers. All Upton had to do was write history, contrasting the weakness of American preparations with the challenge. He concluded that we had never done enough but had survived by luck, bull strength, and awkwardness.

Today, how diametrically changed is the situation! There is no longer a group of informed experts who can talk out loud about the main stuff of defense with any confidence that their judgments are anchored in material facts. The very few in Government who know the full score cannot write it. Those who write can only make uninformed guesses about the more decisive parts of the subject. The millions have to take on trust the state of our preparations, and the best-informed criticism of it is no better than groping in the dark.

MR. KAUFMANN and associates do not pretend to inside knowledge. Like Will Rogers, they know only what they see in the papers. The estimates and criticisms they offer are based upon statements and statistics which have been made public either here or abroad. The sources cover a wide range. There are included the statements of leading soldiers and statesmen along with the critical evaluations of students such as F. O. Miksche, Bernard Brodie, and Thomas K. Finletter. So it becomes a kind of puree of today's sharpest military thought, official and otherwise. The writers hop from one idea to the other with the skill of Eliza traveling the ice-cakes. And it is a quite systematic job of assembling a mass of unclassified information, analyzing it for direction and staying power, then raising a red-light over the booby traps.

To quote Mr. Kaufmann, as one example: "Since we seek more than

". . . but the Greeks have just taken Troy by means of this big wooden horse, Your Majesty. How can we possibly feel secure until *we've* got a wooden horse of our own?"

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security—however vital it may be—there remains a vast field where deterrence has no utility at all."

Or Mr. Knorr: "The ultimate military strength of the United States rests on the Strategic Air Command, not on Pittsburgh or Detroit." (His chapter on military potential is the most stimulating part of the book.)

Or Mr. Hilsman: "There may be no way to adapt the methods of warfare to nuclear weapons so that armies can fight a battle and have enough men left at the end to fight another."

There are two main values to this method of building a body of criticism. It should startle other students into an awareness that they can get greater mileage out of available resources. And by proving policy vulnerable on the basis of the little that the public knows it reproves official complacency.

But the approach also has its pitfalls. For one thing, the writers are inclined to overlook those sectors of their subjects which have not been given public attention and they sometimes attach the wrong significance to an item, overlooking the simpler explanation.

Mr. Hilsman, noting that Army maneuvers work in multiples of only a handful of atomic bombs, concluded from this that they are in relatively short supply, to be counted say in hundreds or a few thousands. The true story is that all general staffs were about eight years late getting at the defensive problem.

Mr. Craig, writing about the German Army, harries the questions of whether German militarism will return and whether stiff-backed Germans can fit into a coalition. To my mind, the far more interesting question is whether a nation after ten years of vacuum in which every link with the military past was destroyed can mature an efficient army.

This is a book for military students more than for average readers. Some of its comments may cause them to exclaim: "How naive!" But there is more than enough that is wise to reward their time.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1148)

KENT CURTIS:

CRUISES IN THE SUN

The time he went to Jacksonville, the old man was so scared they had to blindfold him and back him off the train. When he got back and the folks at Chokoluskee asked him about the city, all they could get him to say was, "Whoever done it overdone it."

The Roots of Treason

"The Loyal and the Disloyal," by Morton Grodzins *(University of Chicago Press. 319 pp. $4), undertakes to apply the better tools of recent social analysis to the problems of patriotism. Charles Frankel, author of "The Case for Modern Man" reviews it below.*

By Charles Frankel

MORTON GRODZINS, dean of the Social Sciences Division at the University of Chicago, has undertaken in "The Loyal and the Disloyal" to apply some of the better tools of recent social analysis to an issue that very badly needs illumination and objectivity. It is the question of the nature and sources of disloyalty, and of the policies we have adopted with regard to loyalty and security. Mr. Grodzins has written a book that is temperate in tone; but if he is right—and he is very convincing—it is devastating in its practical implications. For he believes that the loyalty-security programs we have been following are likely to "create more traitors than they uncover."

Mr. Grodzins's theme is the theme of George Washington—that patriotism "will not endure unassisted by Interest," that men's loyalties depend on what their daily lives and the intimate groups to which they belong have to offer them. It brings to the development of this theme recent ideas and factual data on the nature of groups in modern society. It develops out of this theme a perceptive and clarifying account of the difference between democratic and totalitarian forms of loyalty and the conditions under which they are created.

Disloyalty and treason, Mr. Grodzins makes plain, are not primarily ideological in character. They grow out of a man's social circumstances. When a man belongs to groups—for example, his family and the state—which make incompatible demands on him he cannot be loyal to the one without being disloyal to the other. Again, an individual may sometimes break with a group not because he has stronger loyalties to other groups, but because the bonds that hold him to any group are weak. For such an individual disloyalty may simply be the path by which he is seeking more satisfactory or more advantageous group affiliations.

Whether a conflict of loyalties or a state of alienation will lead to national disloyalty, says Mr. Grodzins, depends on three things: the balance of sorrow over joy in the individual's life, the extent to which he can link his dissatisfactions to the nation-state, and the degree to which other alternatives to national loyalty are available. And it is precisely because disloyalty has this sort of social base that Mr. Grodzins believes our loyalty-security programs have been so mistaken. For they have set up dangerous conflicts within many individuals between their genuine loyalty to the nation and their loyalties to friends, to professional associates and standards of workmanship, and to institutions of free inquiry.

Mr. Grodzins's book is more a framework for the further study of loyalty and disloyalty than it is a full-fledged explanation of these phenomena; but it is sensitively and circumspectly argued, and its central thesis, it seems to me, is unassailable. Its analysis is slightly weakened only by a certain looseness in Mr. Grodzins's use of the term "loyalty," so that sometimes he seems to mean merely an individual's dependence on a group, at other times an individual's active desire to support a group, and at still other times such a desire when it is held without regard to personal advantage or disadvantage. This occasionally leads him into an unnecessary overstatement or into obscuring certain genuine distinctions.

MR. Grodzins also permits himself some unguarded comments in his final chapter, in which he seems to suggest that systematic social thinking and large-scale social programs are to be shunned by anyone interested in a democratic and pluralistic society. Unfortunately, this has become the political tune or, rather, the anti-political tune of an increasing number of social thinkers. But it seems highly unlikely that we can maintain—or attain—a social order containing many centers of power, and offering the individual the opportunity for vital and plural loyalties, unless we have comprehensive social ideas, and social programs organized on a scale large enough to be effective in a highly bureaucratized and intricately interrelated mass society. This is in no way incompatible, though Mr. Grodzins seems to suggest it is, with wishing men to hold diverse loyalties.

But these defects seem slight in so admirable a book. Mr. Grodzins has helped us to understand loyalty and disloyalty better. And he has made a moral point—one which it is good to see reaffirmed so vigorously and solidly. It is that men are not neatly divided into the good and the wicked, and that a very thin line separates the loyal from the disloyal.

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A Novelist Answers the Threat

"The Theme Is Freedom," by John Dos Passos *(Dodd, Mead. 263 pp. $3.50), is a collection of essays on political and social trends in our time by a writer who won a great reputation as a "proletarian novelist." Professor Lindsay Rogers of Columbia University reviews it below.*

By Lindsay Rogers

READERS who admire John Dos Passos as a "proletarian novelist" and an experimenter with "poetic stylization" will be glad that he has put together a collection of his political writings over more than a quarter of a century. Its name: "The Theme Is Freedom."

Quoting Pelatiah Webster (Noah Webster's cousin), Mr. Dos Passos says: "I cannot say that I had all the success with these publications that I wished." This was not because they were not well written. Few writers could reprint and be as well satisfied with *how* they had said certain things; and on *what* he said Mr. Dos Passos intersperses lively comments in italics: on the Sacco-Vanzetti case; the attraction that the new Soviet society had on some members of his generation during "the backwash of our first crusade" (he reprints also a *Life* article of 1948 on "The Failure of Marxism"); the terrible violence in the Harlan County, Kentucky, coal strike; the Spanish Revolution, and "Mr. Roosevelt's Crusade."

Mr. Dos Passos ventures to comfort himself a little bit by referring to the preface that Pelatiah Webster wrote to a collection of his essays. The unsuccess of his publications had been because "they crossed the favored plans proposed by influential men" and opposed "great and strong interests which bore them down." Since the subjects were new "the public mind had not time to fix itself on the ground of experience." More than a century later—Mr. Dos Passos does not mention this—Hannis Taylor, an American publicist of some reputation in the field of law and diplomacy, wrote a book that sought to demonstrate that Pelatiah had made more contributions to the Constitution of the United States than had any of the other Founding Fathers. The attempt was a ludicrous failure.

There is one great difference between the two sets of essays. Mr. Dos Passos analyzes situations in which freedom was threatened and his eloquent periods exhort without being definite on courses of action. His final injunctions as of October 1955 were to some inquiring German students: "I told them to admire us for our foolish trust in other peoples, for our failure to create an empire when empire-building was easy. I told them to admire us for our still unstratified society, where every man has the chance, if he has the will and the wit, to invent his own thoughts and to make his own way. I told them to admire us for the hope we still have that there is enough goodness in man to use the omnipotence science has given him to ennoble his life on earth instead of degrading it. Self-government, through dangers and distortions and failures, is the American cause. Faith in self-government, when all is said and done, is faith in the eventual goodness of man."

Pelatiah Webster made concrete proposals. One was the establishment of "a chamber of commerce" whose advice would have to be taken by the national legislature on all measures affecting trade. This has a modern ring. Another suggestion was that every person disobeying the laws of the central government should be summoned before Congress and punished. Southern governors take note and rejoice.

—*Karsh.*

Stevenson—"the most literate speeches."

WHAT ADLAI THINKS: There is little doubt that of today's crop of major politicians Adlai E. Stevenson has been making the most literate speeches. If the literary, academic content of a candidate's speeches were proof positive of his running capacity then Mr. Stevenson should have no trouble routing Messrs. Kefauver and Harriman at the Democratic convention and the best the Republicans can produce next November.

Good speechmakers, however, do not necessarily make good Presidents. Nor are successful campaigners necessarily constructors of finely wrought sentences: *e.g.,* Harry S. Truman. But speeches can if they bear the full imprint of the speaker, as Mr. Stevenson's do, show a man's beliefs. In **"What I Think"** (Harper, $3) the titular leader of the Democratic Party again reveals himself a person of reflective nature, middle-of-the-road approach, lover of the neat turn of phrase.

Those who thrilled at Mr. Stevenson's acceptance speech at his party's convention in 1952 will find nothing comparable in this collection of speeches and articles, selected by Harper's editors from those made and written by Mr. Stevenson since the Presidential campaign of November 1952. The excitement of four years ago is gone, which is probably to be expected. In addition, no campaign book, as this one is, can be more than a deliberately selective record of a man's most acceptable views. Speeches, however, are made to be heard, not read, and much of the debating skill and charm which Mr. Stevenson has to a high degree is lost in cold print.

Indeed, the best piece in the book, the only thing new, is Mr. Stevenson's introduction, which is a first-rate defense of responsible political criticism in a democratic society.

This, the third collection of Mr. Stevenson's speeches and articles since he first swam into the national scene, is an indication of the devotion to the former Governor of Illinois of those who read and buy books. There probably has never been anything like it, for most political speeches are better left buried, to bore the historian of some future date in search of nuggets of clarification of a public man's motives.

—L. L. L. Golden.

Never the Truth

By M. Chadbourne

BEAUTY is never the truth
Save to those
Who renouncing forever
The thorn and the rose
Unite with the fragrance
The self that un-knows
Both the sting of the thorn
And the shape of the rose.

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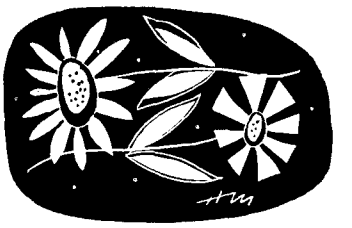
A Poet's Voluntary Resumptions



***"A Letter from Li Po," by Conrad Aiken** (Oxford University Press. 93 pp. $3.50), which recently received the Bollingen Award, is its author's latest verse-report on his search for his soul.*

By John Holmes

CONRAD AIKEN'S search for his soul has been one of the longest and most persistent ever to use poetry for its documentation. As Forslin, in 1916, then as Punch, Senlin, Festus, and many others through the Twenties, he sought himself. When in 1931 he published "The Coming Forth by Day of Osiris Jones" he had found the perfect device for his purposes. There it had been all the time, ready-made since the Egyptians. Osiris was the name given the newly dead, but the dead stepped into light, not dark. Before they might come forth, however, each one must fully report himself to Memnon, god of death and daybreak. Aiken prepared his report once more; the judgment is not upon the good and evil a man may have done in life, but on the completeness of the accounting. It was an unforgettable yet little noticed book. But his richest use of the form, or formality, came with the longer "Preludes for Memnon," also in 1931, and in the similiar "Time in the Rock," in 1936.

The form was a poem in blank verse, some fifty lines, an essay, a letter, a journal, a soliloquy—a prelude. Since everything in life is prelude to death everything and anything may go into the poem for the god, whose acceptance will pass Osiris into life eternal, whole, forgiven, and wholly understood. Aiken had always been looking for such a definition of what he had always been doing. It gave a name and a reason for the acute awareness, the compulsive noting, the piling up of endless detail, minute, terrible, beautiful, fading, recurring, useless, precious—salvation by total recall.

And there was beauty in that totality, so that the thing and moment, the thing's moment, had an unbearable importance as it passed, the common became exquisite, swirled to one's attention in the flow, and swept away. Critics have uneasily described Aiken's poetry as wavering (the shimmer on the flood) and water (the flood of time). It is the greatest of waters, and Aiken's poetry sharply, swiftly, incessantly seizes for it, dipping and spilling brightness that joins the flood and runs away. The poetry is a sensuous catalogue set to music that celebrates and laments as it itemizes. Time itself, and our lives in time floating and turning, is the subject, and water the metaphor for it. The music, furthermore, is not Debussy's.

It is to be hoped that some surmise of Aiken's achievement and purpose, if not in its actuality then its sheer continuity for forty years, was in the minds of the committee that gave his "Letter from Li Po and Other Poems" the Bollingen Award recently. The National Book Award in 1954 for his "Collected Poems" was clearly for cumulative work, as the Pulitzer Prize in 1930 had been for "Selected Poems." But if the recent award was for the "Letter" it was even so a recognition of the long shaping of style and thought that made it possible.

There are seven poems in the book. The seventh, "Another Lycidas," is an elegy, satisfying in its tangibles, the names, places, clothes, of a Cape Cod man thus kept back from death. It stands separate from the others in time and intention; yet the poet writes for him another man's prelude for Memnon. The god will accept him. The other six are much alike, meditations while walking in a garden, on Fifth Avenue, of an evening, or through an autumn, and of these six two are first-rate Aiken, one is in his least convincing vein, and the others up and down in between. Prize-fighters and brownstone fronts would be best left to other hands or themselves, and "The Logos in Fifth Avenue" is not really tough or grimy or topical; it is dull. Not the urban physical, but the metaphysical eternal is Aiken's right subject-matter.

—*Clarence Le Peer.*

Conrad Aiken—"search for his soul."

THE poem third in the book, "A Is for Alpha: Alpha Is for A," is brief, one of the moments in time caught by being recognized for what it is, and held. In this music of a falling wave two lovers walk. "The Return," also short, is tiger-lily autumn, a different scene for the lovers, a language of "strong stems, deep stains" saying this season, too, is renewal. To balance "A Is for Alpha" and its evening the sixth poem, "Overture to Today," is morning, when all that has happened will happen again, though "no day repeats the others," but "love is the action which brings forth the day," and love is poetry and the word the world written in around us.

"The Walk in the Garden" is closer than any but the title-poem to Aiken's best writing and central thought; here again are the clock, flower, rain, and blessedness that mingle so often in the preludes. "These voluntary resumptions," he calls them. Itemized in profusion, as only Aiken can do it, "the numberless becomes one, the brief everlasting." At such instants of clarity as close this moving and wholly lovely poem the poet knows that all opposites and all the particulars are acceptable, and all part of one pattern. It is a moment of vision, serene if transitory; rejoice, rejoice, he cries, that it is yours and ours. And the faithful will acknowledge how often in Aiken's poetry they have read of the angel, the pure light, the crest of music, and joy.

At the front and pinnacle of this book, and perhaps of all his poetry, stands the title-poem. An epistolary meeting of the ancient Chinese and the contemporary American was inevitable, and Aiken can perfectly well write Li Po's letter for him, address it to himself, and read it as if he is Li Po getting one from Aiken, "for we must hear and bear the news from everywhere: the hour-

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ly news, infinitesimal or vast, from everywhere." Thinking his reply as he walks with the letter in his hand, Aiken gives back that news, which is the same he reported to Memnon, but the happier for the human listener, so like himself.

DE LA MARE IN AUTUMN: In 1951 the American publishers of Walter de la Mare, that dean of English poets, brought out "Winged Chariot," consisting of a remarkably beautiful and moving long title poem plus a collection of brief lyrics; the former written the previous year, the short poems admittedly gathered together from a period of many years. It was a work of stature and distinction, crowning a long and deservedly laureled literary career, and it was received, as it should have been, with high critical acclaim. Now, some five years later, under the title **"O Lovely England"** ($3) Viking Press presents another collection of Mr. de la Mare's poems, with a jacket blurb which is unaccountably misleading. "He now gives us," says the jacket, "another books (*sic*) consisting entirely of new short poems." But the author's note itself states "many of these pages were written ten years ago, some of them as far back as the second decade of this century. . . ." It is the reviewer's unhappy duty to say that, despite all the respect and honor due a poet who holds so secure a position in English letters and in the hearts of his readers, the inescapable and reluctant conclusion I reached was that a great many of the poems in the present collection are those which neither the poet nor his editors found of sufficient excellence to include in previous volumes. To gather together now what Mr. de la Mare himself refers to as "relics" adds little luster to the reputation of the poet who worked in sheer enchantment, whose poems were silver and moonlight and music and magic, whose craftsmanship was scrupulous and delicate. Echoes of the old beauty are of course present in "O Lovely England," but they are echoes only, striking the ear with nostalgia and memory, and too seldom with new freshness and delight.

The poems vary in theme and impulse, but perhaps a prevailing mood is one of melancholy, and of autumnal passion unrequited, and of Beauty's passing away. No chronological indication is made, and it would be difficult to say which are the "new" poems. As always, the poet's concerns are the universal, dateless concerns of the human heart. A few, and not the best, make some specific current

(*Continued on page* 33)

THE CIVIL WAR

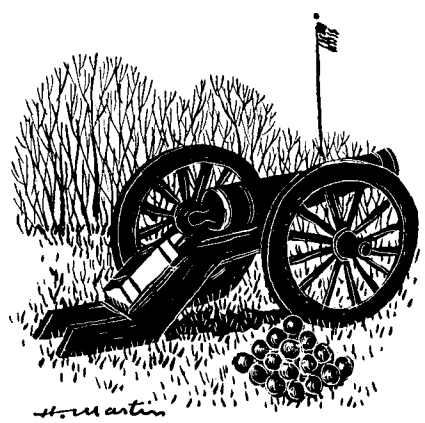
Newsmen from the North

"Yankee Reporters, 1861-1865," by Emmet Crozier *(Oxford University Press. 441 pp. $6), is the latest addition to the rapidly lengthening shelf of books on Northern journalism during the Civil War. Professor T. Harry Williams of Louisiana State University reviews it below.*

By T. Harry Williams

HISTORICAL research sometimes moves in mysterious ways. For long years an important theme will be ignored. Then suddenly several writers will pounce on it at about the same time and bring out books almost simultaneously. In the last three years four books dealing with Northern journalism during the Civil War have appeared: Bernard A. Weisberger's "Reporters for the Union" (1953), Louis M. Starr's "Bohemian Brigade" (1954), and J. Cutler Andrews's "The North Reports the Civil War" (1955)—and now Emmet Crozier's "Yankee Reporters." It would seem that the subject of Northern journalists has been exhausted. Certainly if there is another author with a book in his system he is going to have a hard time devising a fresh title.

Of the four men who have recorded the story two, Weisberger and Andrews, are professional historians; so is Starr, although he engaged in newspaper work before turning to academic life. Crozier is the only one who can be called a practising professional journalist. Although their books traverse much the same ground, each author gives his product a particular emphasis. Weisberger was interested



in depicting the elevation of journalism into the status of a profession. His framework of reference was almost entirely political. He gave scant attention to battle reporting, and had little respect for the accuracy displayed by the reporters in writing their stories or for the value of those stories as historical source material. Starr was intrigued by the reporters as war correspondents. While he devoted some space to the managing editors of the great New York dailies, his emphasis was on the men who reported the news from the field. He saw the reporters as agents of a news revolution that was uniting the American people in a sense of common destiny. Andrews's book, which runs to over 800 pages, is an attempt to catalogue the work of the three hundred war correspondents; it represents the academic ambition to tell the whole story, to place everything in the record. The most comprehensive of the four, it will appeal primarily to the specialist and the researcher.

CROZIER, as might be expected from his background, restricts his account almost entirely to battle reporting. He realizes the importance of Starr's thesis that the war made the reporters a link between the armies and the people, but his concern is with the correspondents as newspapermen rather than as agents of social change. This is a reporter's story of reporters. It is history of the kind that appears in today's newspapers—with the same virtues and defects. Mr. Crozier is writing about human beings who were engaged in dramatic and dangerous work, and he relates their adventures with zest, warmth, and appreciation. He understands their problems, and he feels their triumphs. Many of the episodes are described with a fine sense of suspense. If the criticism be made that the work lacks any particular framework of reference Crozier can answer that he was not trying to write that kind of book. Within the limits of what he attempted he has succeeded admirably.

It would be futile to essay any ranking of these books. Each has its peculiar merits. The time now seems ripe for similar treatments of Southern journalism during the Civil War.

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Samaritans of the Battlefield

"Lincoln's Fifth Wheel," by William Quentin Maxwell *(Longmans, Green. 372 pp. $5), is a political history of the U. S. Sanitary Commission in the Civil War. It is reviewed by Professor Richard N. Current of the Woman's College, University of North Carolina, who completed the late J. G. Randall's "Last Full Measure."*

By Richard N. Current

ON THE day after Fort Sumter fell the first Ladies Aid Society was formed, and soon women were busy throughout the North, devising ways to comfort the soldiers marching off to war. If the eager activity of the soldiers' aid societies was to be most useful it needed some kind of over-all direction. The ladies had a heroine and exemplar in Florence Nightingale; the Government needed an organization comparable to the British Sanitary Commission, which had labored along with Miss Nightingale to alleviate suffering in the Crimean War.

When a group of New York philanthropists proposed a United States Sanitary Commission, President Lincoln was dubious, even though this was to be a private enterprise which would not cost the Government a cent. It might become "a fifth wheel to the coach," Lincoln feared. Reluctantly he signed an order authorizing a Sanitary Commission to advise and supplement the War Department's Medical Bureau. "In the Sanitary story his presence is always shadowy," says William Quentin Maxwell. Except in the title.

By no means shadowy were the Rev. Dr. Henry Whitney Bellows, minister of All Souls Church (Unitarian) in New York, and Frederick Law Olmsted, already well known as a landscape architect and author of three perspicacious travel books on the South. Bellows, as cofounder and president of the Commission, and Olmsted, as executive secretary during most of its career, were the central figures among a host of dedicated men and women who contributed to its heroic labors.

Gathering in dimes and dollars in a fairly steady stream, staging occasional fund drives with "sanitary fairs," the Commission raised and distributed a total of $25,000,000 in money and goods. Its agents inspected camp sites, built hospitals, provided bandages, drugs, antiscorbutics like onions and potatoes, and a thousand and one other needs of both the able-bodied and the sick and wounded, occasionally ministering to Confeder-

Dixie After the Deluge

WHEN the Civil War ended in 1865 a Northerner by the name of John T. Trowbridge set out to tour the South. His trip resulted in an extraordinary eyewitness report on the ravages left by the war, and these were published shortly thereafter in a volume entitled **"The Desolate South: 1865-1866."** *Since then the book has been practically unobtainable, but now the publishing firm of Duell, Sloan & Pearce has issued a new—and somewhat shortened—edition of it, edited by Gordon Carroll and priced at $6. Here are a few of the many first-hand reports to be found in it:*

AT CHARLESTOWN (where John Brown was hanged): "This is about where it was," said the girl, after searching among the tall weeds. "Nobody knows now just where the gallows stood. There was a tree here, but that has been cut down and carried away, stump and roots and all, by folks that wanted something to remember John Brown by. Every soldier took a piece of it, if 't was only a little chip."

AT CHAMBERSBURG: A [Confederate] major, who had become intoxicated plundering liquor shops, lingered behind his companions. He was surrounded by the incensed populace and ordered to surrender. Refusing, and drawing his sword with maudlin threats, he was shot down. He was then buried to his breast outside of town, and left with just his shoulders protruding from the ground, with his horrible lolling head drooping over them. Having been exhibited in this state to the multitude he was granted a more thorough sepulture. A few weeks before my visit to the place a gentle-faced female from the South came to claim his body; for he, too, was a human being, and no mere monster, as many supposed, and there were those that did love him.

AT BULL RUN: "We were overpowered by numbers!" ejaculated the Rebel. "Your army was three times as big as ours."

"That's nothing, for you know one Southerner was equal to five Yankees," [I said].

"As so he is, and always will be! But you had to get the niggers to help you."

AT SHILOH: I asked [a Southern lady] if she could feel in her heart that it was right to own [a slave]?

"I believed in it as much as I believed in the Bible," [she answered]. "We were taught it from our infancy, we were taught it with our religion. I still think it was right; but I think it was because we abused slavery that it was taken from us. Emancipation is a worse thing for our servants than for us. They can't take care of themselves."

AT ANDERSONVILLE: There are in all nearly thirteen thousand graves, each with its little white headboard commemorating the name, rank, company, regiment, and date of death. From April 1, 1864 to April 1, 1865 the average rate of mortality was over a thousand a month. It sometimes reached a hundred a day. . . . I may say that citizens of Georgia said to me they knew of the atrocities permitted there, and that they did not think it possible for the Rebel leaders to have been ignorant of them.

ON SHERMAN'S PATH IN GEORGIA: "Your fellows hung several men in my neighborhood to make 'em tell where their money was. Some gave it up after a little hanging; but I know one man who went to the limb three times, and saved his money and his life too. Another man had three hundred dollars in gold hid in his garden. He is very fat; weighs, I suppose, two hundred and fifty pounds. He held out till they got the rope around his neck, then he caved in. 'I'm dogged,' says he, 'if I'm going to risk my weight on a rope just for a little money!"

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—*Sweigert, in* The San Francisco Chronicle.

"The More Dangerous Bomb."

ates as well as Federals. Its nurses and doctors developed new techniques for the evacuation of battle casualties, making a lasting contribution to the science of soldier care. With experience, the Commission improved its work from year to year, yet there remained much needless suffering and death.

The Commission never realized its full potentialities because it ran against personal jealousies and jurisdictional disputes. It had rivals in the Western Sanitary Commission and in the Christian Commission, an adjunct of the YMCA. It sometimes offended individualistic nurses like Dorothea Dix and "Mother" Bickerdyke. It got little cooperation from some of the generals, such as Sherman, though it got much from others, such as Grant. Still worse, it aroused all the pathological pettiness of Secretary of War Edwin M. Stanton. It won a victory over Stanton in its campaign to broaden, liberalize, and invigorate the Medical Bureau, even persuading Lincoln to appoint a man of its choice, the extremely able Dr. W. A. Hammond, as Surgeon General. But Stanton brought about the court martial and removal of Hammond and thereafter did his best to sabotage the Commission's work.

Since Mr. Maxwell has written a "political history," he naturally gives much attention to the making of Commission policies and the struggle to carry them out. But he does not neglect the labors in the field. For each of the major battles he gives a grim account of Samaritans at work, an account which Civil War fans will like to set beside the usual bloodless story of tactics and strategy. His research is exhaustive and his style vigorous.

U.S.A. AND THE WORLD

ABCs of Foreign Policy

"World Without Barriers," by Emanuel R. Posnack *(William Morrow. 434 pp. $5), is an analysis of our foreign policy written for laymen by a "displaced expert." David Cushman Coyle, author of "The American Way" and other books, reviews it here.*

By David Cushman Coyle

EMANUEL R. POSNACK has written in "World Without Barriers" a book for the general reader who would like to know more about the economic and political background of United States foreign policy and who is willing to tackle 400 pages of solid reading for that purpose. George N. Shuster, who contributes the introduction, says that "what you are here invited to read is pertinent, enlightened, and in a genuine way moving."

Mr. Posnack is an engineer and lawyer who has specialized in patent cases, whereby he has gained first-hand knowledge of technology and of business, including some of the most complex forms of monopoly. On economics and Communism, therefore, he writes as a "displaced expert," with the tendency to clarity, oversimplification, and fresh insight that is often seen when a trained mind invades a strange field.

Posnack recognizes that the best way to approach the present conflict with Communist imperialism is to start by learning to understand the strength and weakness of Communism, then to examine cold-bloodedly the weakness and strength of the free world, and finally to do all possible to put our system in its best array so that in due time a more satisfactory and peaceful world may emerge. The author has a "plan," but the prudent reader need not discard the book immediately on that account for, after all, the plan amounts to little more than a long-term extension of policies advocated by President Eisenhower and before him by President Truman.

The reader of a book review about a political book has a right to be told about the underlying prejudices of the author, so that if subject to high blood pressure he may not be led to pay five dollars for something that will endanger his equanimity. The reader is therefore warned that "World Without Barriers" is not for superpatriots, Communist sympathizers, or lunatic-fringe characters generally. Also it is not for experts on the subjects discussed, chiefly economics and Communism. This book is designed for the kind of people who like either Eisenhower, Stevenson, Truman, the United Nations, or any combination of them, and who are not overspecialized. Mr. Posnack is definitely in favor of the United Nations, UNESCO, technical assistance, foreign economic aid, and reduction of tariffs and of the McCarran-Walter immigration restrictions. He has a relaxed modern attitude toward the necessity of Government control over some strategic parts of the economy so as to air-condition it for a healthy growth of private enterprise.

Mr. Posnack has arranged his book in the logical order—first understand Communism, then look at our own system, then see how to strengthen our position. He has gone into great detail, and for many impatient Americans the book will seem slow reaching the verb. For the reader who cannot hold his breath so long possibly a good way would be to start reading on page 333, the chapter headed "Can the Plan Succeed?" Having read of the numerous organizations, Prime Ministers, and Presidents who are looking in the same general direction as the "plan" the reader will either throw the book

—*Justus, in* The Minneapolis Star.

"Horns of the Dilemma."

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away or decide to work back into the text in search of interesting details and observations.

After all that, if the reader likes the author's style, he can take up at leisure the discussion of Communism, which is quite comprehensive enough for the layman who does not have to pass a Foreign Service examination. There are some good points in this discussion. Mr. Posnack understands, for instance, one of the most fundamental fallacies of Marxian socialism—the fact that in any vertically integrated monopoly (socialist or private) as the competition is wiped out the definition of cost and of efficiency becomes imaginary and the criteria for rational planning disappear. It is no mystery to Mr. Posnack why the Soviets have had to abandon so much of Marx. He also understands why in countries with no direct experience of Communism the theory appeals so strongly to unsophisticated workers and intellectuals.

Altogether this is a good book for the kind of reader to whom it is addressed, even for the reader who will need to start at the back.

Diplomat at Work

"Brief Authority," by Edwin F. Stanton *(Harper. 320 pp. $4), is an account of the life lived through three decades by a career man in the U.S. diplomatic service. Kenneth Scott Latourette, Sterling Professor of Missions and Oriental History, Emeritus, in Yale University, reviews it below.*

By Kenneth Scott Latourette

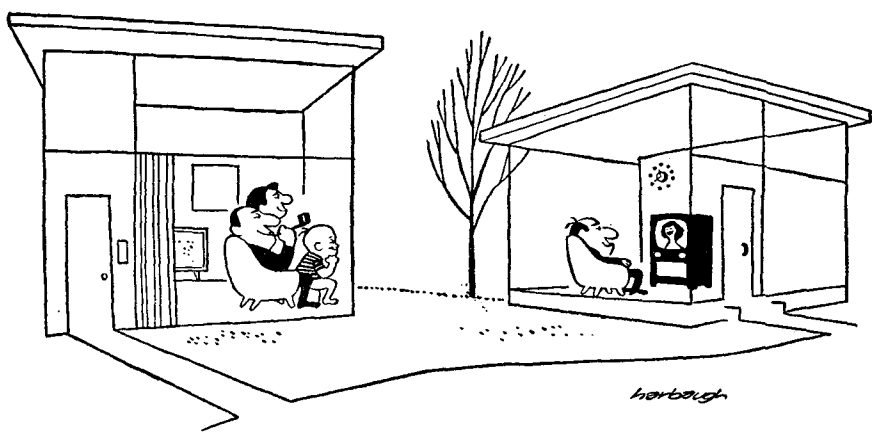
WHAT does it mean to be a career man in the diplomatic service of the United States? Is it a life of striped pants and morning coats? Is it the sharing of high secrets of state and the shaping of policies of world-shaking concern? Does it require such finesse that it must be reserved for those polished in the sophisticated circles of the Ivy League? Edwin F. Stanton's "Brief Authority" offers a vivid, entertaining, and disarmingly informing answer. It is the autobiographical report of one, now in his fifties, who at twenty became a student interpreter in the American Legation in Peking, from 1921 until internment and repatriation after Pearl Harbor was in various posts in China, and ended by being American Ambassador to Thailand.

Mr. Stanton ventures no appraisal of the American record in East Asia during those crucial years. He permits himself merely a brief comment on American policy in Southeast Asia after World War II, a policy which he believes on the whole to have been good, but with spotty performance. What gives the book value is its intimate pictures of the day-by-day problems, activities, disappointments, and achievements of an able and loyal member of that little understood, usually unappreciated, and often maligned body of men—and women, for the wives are inescapably involved—who are in the forefront of the crucial relations of the American people and their government with other peoples and governments.

The story begins with an idealistic, somewhat callow son of missionary parents, impressed with Secretary of State Hughes's pointed reference to the official commission in which the President reposed "special trust and confidence in your integrity, prudence, and ability." We are introduced to the months of language study in Peking. Then comes a junior assignment in Mukden and its contact with the redoubtable "Old Tiger," Chang Tso-lin. There follows an appointment as vice consul in Kalgan, where the author won kudos for the United States by resourceful and heroic labors in flood relief and in fighting a cholera epidemic. We find him in Tsinan dealing with a corrupt war lord and helping to protect American lives when Japanese and Nationalists clashed. There was an errand to the ancient city of Sian to seek out and bring to justice the murderers of an American citizen. Stanton was in Shanghai through much of the fighting in 1937 and gives unforgettable vignettes of Japanese callousness, brutality, and arrogance. In Nanking he had talks with that controversial figure and Japanese puppet Wang Ching-wei. All was not adventure. We are told of months of humdrum hard work, with long office hours, dealing with visas, gathering statistics, and making out endless papers and reports. Following repatriation were weeks of grueling labor in Washington, hammering out in exhausting conferences a new treaty with China.

Then came the post in Thailand, with responsibility as the chief American representative at a time of turmoil and Thai politics. We see through the author's sympathetic eyes the boyish, sensitive, intelligent King, come to the throne after the mysterious sudden death of his predecessor, and the charming girl Queen. We are given glimpses of the stately, prolonged court ceremonial in the debilitating heat. We see something of the beginning of American technical assistance with the involved problems of personnel.

Through the book are recurring references to low salaries, inadequate provision by a niggardly Government for the housing and entertainment so essential to the prosecution of the duties of office and to the maintenance of efficiency and American prestige, frustrating delays in obtaining decisions and succor from Washington. Yet the author is happy to have had these years in what he regards as the first line of his country's defense. He is warmly appreciative of the peoples and cultures among whom he has lived. He even has words of commendation for the better qualities of the Japanese as he saw them in weeks in the islands and is puzzled by the contrast with what he witnessed so starkly in China. Unobtrusively his pages reflect the practice of his precept that basic to the mission of the foreign-service officer is unaffected, understanding friendliness.



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EDUCATION

Taking the Pulse of the Schools

"An Adventure in Education," by Fred M. Hechinger *(Macmillan. 266 pp. $3.75), is a summary of the findings of Connecticut's Fact-Finding Commission on Education, the broadest study of the public schools yet undertaken in this country. Our reviewer, Bice Clemow, is a West Hartford, Conn., newspaper publisher much concerned with the schools' welfare.*

By Bice Clemow

FRED M. HECHINGER has written a book of hope. In the fight for better schools the battle-jaded will take renewal from his "An Adventure in Education." New recruits will find it rich in ammunition. But for those seeking to feed their prejudices for or against what is happening in public education the book will be a disaster. Mr. Hechinger, able and objective reporter that he is, has pitched his typewriter squarely in the middle of the battlefield. There he struggles to dissipate (and largely he succeeds) the twin myths that the public schools are 1) beyond reproach and 2) going to the dogs.

Not that the *New York Herald Tribune* education editor is neutral about the role of the schools. He believes in public education as the foundation of all popular government. Had he not he certainly would have run away from the mountainous task of compressing the seven-volume documentary of the Connecticut Fact-Finding Commission on Education into one living, lively book. He succeeded because he brought to the job a vast personal knowledge that the problems so exhaustively studied in Connecticut are posed in every American city and hamlet. Even more importantly, he sifts with a sharp, analytical mind and a warm, pure heart.

There was much to sift. The Connecticut Commission, created by Governor Chester Bowles and continued with the blessing of his two successors, tackled the broadest study of schools yet undertaken. Some 38,000 open-minded Connecticut citizens helped take the pulse of public education. In this very process of fact-finding great gains were made in public understanding of what the schools are up against. In Mr. Hechinger's skilled way the Commission's report now becomes a significant and negotiable instrument.

When after a long and hazardous absence the citizenry of Connecticut returned in the postwar years to take some responsibility for its schools it found "we have long outgrown our school system, not only physically but in scope and concept." And in setting out to correct our neglect too often we formed rigid, exclusive battle lines. A decade of often bitter controversy is just beginning to break down some of these prejudices. Mr. Hechinger's approach to the Connecticut Commission findings can speed that happier hour.

He doesn't compromise. To fact-finders who complain that educators have adopted "something of an ivory-tower attitude" he simply reminds that society locked them in. If by rigid certification of teachers they seem overzealous about "standards" Mr. Hechinger wants us to realize it is because the educators' gains were so hard won.

To the charge that "kids can't read" the author asks, embarrassingly, who was responsible for the fact, as the Commission uncovered, that not one elementary school in any of the state's major cities had a library or a library room? If politicians tend to take a demagogic stand on education is not part of the reason that too few campaigners for better schools understand or accept the fact that the struggle is political in the purest sense of the word?

—*Suzanne Szasz*

Fred M. Hechinger—"doesn't compromise."

THE Commission's discovery that in Connecticut, as in most of the nation, the high schools are the weak link in the public educational system led some to blame the preponderantly liberal arts training of the teachers. Mr. Hechinger senses instead the true cause is our fuzziness about what we are trying to accomplish at the secondary level. He finds students asking for more guidance and the public not sufficiently willing to pay for it. To the charge of "security-minded youth" he has the valid answer that today even a little security is more difficult to achieve. To the educator who can't find room for the traditional he says "for all of national history ever studied by pupils anywhere American history is the one most dependent on the history that preceded it." To the public's sometime dissatisfaction with the product of the vocational school Mr. Hechinger points out the public's colossal neglect. He frames the mass *vs.* elite argument in this positive hope: "Mass education, because of its universality, has a new and unequaled chance to spot the real elite, to discover talent and further it where it can be found."

In a chapter on school buildings, full of explicit blueprints, Mr. Hechinger calms the frill-fearful with the certainty that "the modern school is not just a classroom building." As each community begins to add special purpose rooms it is here that "it can give its school much of its own personality."

On the argument over report cards Mr. Hechinger's middle ground is that "the teacher must be able to work them and the parent ought to understand them if they are to be more than waste motion and traditional routine." On curriculum he finds a felicitous position that in the good Connecticut school "the formal curriculum is so designed that the child is swept along by a natural current

(*Continued on page* 31)

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The Political Burial of Joseph Stalin

REPORTS from Moscow tell of an extraordinary speech by Nikita S. Khrushchev at the recent Communist Party congress, at which the Party leader subjected the long history of Joseph Stalin's rule to pitiless examination and exposure. Coldly and surgically, according to the reports, the Communist chief undertook a character autopsy of the man who for more than twenty years had been deified by the Russian people. Khrushchev cut open the Stalin legend, stripping the heart and mind of Lenin's successor of any ideological sanctitude or invulnerability. Some of the point-by-point disclosures:

▶ The purge of the Soviet leaders from 1936 to 1938 was part of an elaborate plot to get rid of all those whom Stalin believed or imagined were hostile to him.

▶ Stalin was an absolute dictator. On many occasions Khrushchev never knew when summoned by Stalin whether he would come out alive.

▶ Stalin was badly outwitted by Hitler in the famous Non-Aggression Pact that freed the Nazi leader's hands for World War II. When Hitler turned on Russia Stalin refused to believe the report of the attack—and would not send troops to defend his frontier.

▶ Stalin lacked personal courage and fled when Moscow was under siege in October 1941.

BECAUSE of the historic and possibly volcanic effect of these disclosures on the Russian people themselves it is possible that the item-by-item revelation may be somewhat toned down in official statements. But even if there should be disclaimers, enough is now known to establish the vast importance of the Khrushchev post-mortems. For this is more than merely another shift in a long series of strategical shifts in the Party line. A blow at the godhead is not to be confused with twistings and turnings of ideological strategy. Stalin was regarded as synonymous with Communism itself by his followers throughout the world. Now the millions of faithful have been told that they have been worshiping a brute and a madman.

Is it possible that the disillusioning process about the man can be kept from spilling over to the Party?

The importance of the question is sharpened by yet another basic change in the concepts and practices of Russian Communism. In addition to the one-man-rule theory, other aspects of total dictatorship have been discarded. The taboo against criticism of the state and its rulers has been lifted. The old institution of inheritance is legally possible and socially respectable. In general, a reformation of some parts is in the making.

What the rest of the world and the United States in particular want to know, of course, is what this means in terms of the basic threat or challenge represented by the Soviets during the past eight years. Will the main causes of world tension now be lifted? Assuming that the ideological differences between the USSR and the U.S. are narrowing, will the dangerous competition between the two nations give way to cooperation?

The lives of more than 2,000,000,000 people are riding on those questions. That is why it becomes a matter of the profoundest importance to see the problem in historical perspective. Thus viewed, it may be seen that changes in the institutions either of Communism or democracy are not enough to create the true foundations of peace. Indeed, the central fallacy of the past decade has been to suppose that the ideological differences represented the be-all and end-all of potential war. Russia could have been Czarist and the tensions between the two countries would have been hardly less severe. She could have been democratic without that fact by itself changing the basic nature of the rivalry.

The heart of the matter is that the struggle between the U.S. and the USSR is rooted not in ideology but in world anarchy. What makes the anarchy explosive is the existence of two fully sovereign nations of approximately equal power. Each has no means of assuring its long-term security except by increasing that power. This means armaments or alliances or both. The ideological differences are real enough; they intensify the rivalry but do not necessarily create it.

Even if there were reasons for short-term mutual trust, the uncertainty over ultimate security would cause each side to seek a favorable balance of power. This by itself is enough to generate the political hostilities and tensions that in turn accelerate the scramble for military supremacy. Finally a point is reached at which one side or other possesses what it conceives to be the advantage of initiative, and the big fuse is lit.

The irony of the present situation, in fact, is that the insecurity in the United States about Russia is bound to grow in direct proportion to Russia's departure from its traditional Communist aims and methods. For Russia will become stronger as she veers away from Communism—both internally and in her appeal to the uncommitted peoples. And the stronger Russia becomes, the more apprehensive we ourselves become about our own position in the world. Russia's present lead in the development of guided missiles is a case in point.

There is no use in blinking the facts. The fully sovereign nation is the enemy of human life. Whatever the colors or the combinations of crises that appear to dance in the sunlight, the essence of the problem is unfettered national sovereignty. When a form of world organization is developed that is strong enough to provide security for the nations themselves; when world controls exist that can make weapons of mass destruction impossible and unnecessary; when the machinery of world justice becomes a reality—when all this is done we will have met the problem where the problem exists.

The difficulty in achieving these ends is the worst of all possible reasons for not dedicating ourselves to them.

—N. C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

MR. EMERSON

IT WAS GRATIFYING to read Russell Potter's article on Ralph Waldo Emerson ["Gentlemen, Mr. Emerson," *SR* Mar. 10] in a day when sharing Emerson's ideas is considered archaic.

RHODA HERSHMAN.
Glenside, Pa.

EMERSON FOR THE YOUNG

I DERIVED GREAT personal enjoyment from Potter's article. I am always happy to see an effort made to introduce Emerson to new and younger readers. The times in which he lived seem far from us—some of his thought naturally was a product of his time and only comes to life for us as social history—but in all his writing it is surprising how seldom this happens, and how much of it is an exhilarating tonic. Not because he was optimistic, but because he reaches our irreducible convictions as human beings.

HELEN H. ADAMS.
Wellesley, Mass.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"It's no use—I keep thinking of the overdrawn checks in my wife's account."

NO BATTLE

IT HAS NOT BOTHERED me that some people feel the scrolls will destroy our understanding of the uniqueness of Jesus [The Battle of the Dead Sea Scrolls, *SR* Mar. 3]. I have always felt that the more that we can understand His roots in history the better our understanding of Him will be. But for nearly two pages John Haverstick describes in glowing terms "the battle" which is raging over the Scrolls. One finds the use of such terms of "name-calling," "retorted angrily," "angry Protestant clergymen," and much more which gives the idea that we are engaged in a free-for-all over the interpretation of these Scrolls. Probably some uninformed clergymen (conservative and liberal alike) have jumped to ridiculous conclusions and advocated just as ridiculous actions to their parishioners. Responsible scholars however have maintained an open mind (Edmund Wilson to the contrary) and there has been little or no name-calling by them. Dr. Frank Cross has perhaps spoken more about the Scrolls than anyone else and this is because he is in a better place to speak than anyone else, since he has been doing the major share of the work on the Scrolls. To call this man the "most vociferous of the Protestants" at the place in the article where this phrase comes leaves one with a misconception that Dr. Cross is engaged in a furious argument with someone. His statement (which harmonizes very well with M. Dupont-Sommer's) is balanced, sensible, and logical and doesn't sound like the center of a controversy.

Only at the end of the article does the calm statement of M. Dupont-Sommer come and then as sort of an anticlimax. Unfortunately, the sanest book of the scholars on the subject, "The Dead Sea Scrolls," by Millar Burrows, the most competent person to write a book on the subject who has done so, is not mentioned in the article, but merely listed on the next page.

This sort of reporting is what has led to the furious battle which many clergymen have completely misunderstood. One would have hoped for better from *SR*.

G. THOMAS FRIEDKIN.
Green Lake Presbyterian Parish.
Spicer, Minn.

THE SCROLLS A HOAX?

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE PICTURE, that the entire discovery is a *hoax*, as already demonstrated by Professor Solomon Zeitlin of Dropsie College in his many articles on the subject in the *Jewish Quarterly Review*, is totally ignored.

DR. SIDNEY B. HOENIG.
Yeshiva University.
New York, N. Y.

DISINTERESTED PEDANTRY

JOHN HAVERSTICK wrongly identifies me as a Conservative Jew. In his context the quotation seems to serve his purpose in bearing out a contention that conservatives have a theological position to defend against Mr. Wilson and Mr. Dupont-Sommer. I chance to be a Reform Jew, and what theological position I hold is in absolutely no way dependent on the Dead Sea Scrolls or on contentions about their bearing on New Testament writings. The purpose in making this point is to indicate a serious oversight in the article—as in most of the Dead Sea Scrolls fuss. It is this: there are a good many of us who study the Scrolls out of a historical, not a theological, interest. I claim to be one such. I have no vested interest in confirming Christian claims of uniqueness; and my denial that the Dead Sea Scrolls relate with vivid relevancy to Christian documents is a matter of disinterested pedantry, and hardly a wish to confirm a Christian supernaturalism which I do not accept. In short I deny the special relationship claimed for the Dead Sea Scrolls and Christianity not because it offends any theology, but because the claims are affront to sober, prudent scholarship. The scholars who work in Bible are not deterred by the fear of turning up something upsetting. When scholarship is bent to conform to antecedent conclusions, then it is not free scholarship. Scholars pursue the truth, no matter where the chips may fall—and that is as true of Bible as of American history or economics.

SAMUEL SANDMEL.
Hebrew Union College.
Cincinnati, O.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *John Haverstick replies: "In answer to Mr. Friedkin's letter: 1) It is clear that Mr. Friedkin denies his own point by admitting in his last paragraph that there has indeed been 'a furious battle'; 2) Apparently Mr. Friedkin did not notice that I not only mentioned the Millar Burrows book but that I also quoted from it as follows: 'There is no danger . . . that our understanding of the New Testament will be so revolutionized [by the Dead Sea Scrolls] as to require a revision of any basic article of Christian faith.' In reply to Dr. Hoenig's letter, I should point out that few scholars have supported Professor Zeitlin's contention that the Dead Sea Scrolls are a hoax. Therefore, the contention was not mentioned in the article. To Professor Sandmel I apologize for having identified his religious position incorrectly."*

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Moon Over Wimpole Street

—*Photos by Friedman-Abeles.*

Julie Andrews, Rex Harrison, Robert Coote—"an enormously eupeptic treat."

"My Fair Lady" is a delightful, lean musical frolic. This happy state of affairs is in good part attributable to the tough-minded dialogue of George Bernard Shaw's "Pygmalion." The only significant changes from the movie here (and the movie itself differs slightly from the play) are the addition of scenes that give Alfred Doolittle a chance to carouse with the proletariat, thus slightly blurring the individualistic qualities which led Shaw to label him the most original moralist in England; a shifting of Eliza Doolittle's first conversational test from Mrs. Higgins's salon to a club tent at Ascot (her *faux pas* has appropriately been revised from "Not bloody likely!" to "C'mon, Dover, move your bloody arse!"); and the inclusion of a comic scene in which Colonel Pickering telephones Scotland Yard to report Eliza's flight from Higgins's Wimpole Street flat.

While Shaw's relatively unmangled text is the important factor in the success of "My Fair Lady," Alan Jay Lerner's lyrics and Frederick Loewe's music do their share of the work, too. Following the example set by Brecht and Weill in "The Threepenny Opera" and Marc Blitzstein in "Regina," they have written this score with the notion that each song should be for the purposes of the dramatic situation rather than to be a "number."

From this kind of show they have borrowed the device of a violently contrasting verse and chorus. For example, in "My Fair Lady" the song "I'm an Ordinary Man" is sung calmly and relaxedly by Higgins until he comes to the refrain beginning "But let a woman in your life. . . ." At this point the music becomes as stormy and frenetic as life with a woman can be. As Mr. Lerner points out:

> You want to talk of Keats or Milton;
> She only wants to talk of love.
> You go to see a play or ballet
> And spend the evening searching for her glove.

Another dramatic use of song comes in "You Did It." This number, celebrating Higgins's winning of his bet that he could pass a flowergirl off as a duchess, presents Higgins's smugly modest protestations in antiphony with Pickering's overinsistent praise, while the real heroine stands in the corner overlooked.

Many of the songs are loosely based on specific lines from "Pygmalion." "With a Little Bit of Luck" is a bouncy refrain describing Alfred Doolittle's freedom from middle-class morality. Sings the Falstaffian Doolittle:

> The gentle sex was made for man to marry;
> To tend his needs and see his food is cooked.
> But with a little bit of luck
> You can have it all and not get hooked.

Then there is Eliza's "Just You Wait," in which she anticipates the moment when the King of England offers her anything she wishes and she replies "'enry 'iggins's 'ead." The latter recalls "The Black Freighter" song from "The Threepenny Opera," in which a prostitute sings about the revenge she will take on her oppressors when she comes into power.

The familiar "Rain in Spain" speech-exercise has been set to a tango in which Higgins, Pickering, and Eliza burst into joyous back-and-forth response at Eliza's victory over phonetics. This leads to a mock bullfight in a spirit of childish hysteria which is the quintessence of musical comedyism. "Without You" becomes a sarcastic song of defiance to Higgins. And "I've Grown Accustomed to Her Face" is an alternately romantic, alternately vitriolic song in which Higgins's ego argues with his id.

Since a complete evening of functional music is perhaps a bit too austere for a Broadway audience Lerner and Loewe have sagely included in their score at least one conventional show-tune. Their intoxicating "On the Street Where You Live" may well become a musical-comedy standard, and only purists will complain that the number as sung by Freddy makes him a rather more poetic figure than Shaw intended him. The song for Freddy should have implied the famous sequel where Shaw has Eliza—prefer-

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ring a lifetime of having her slippers fetched rather than a lifetime of fetching slippers for someone else—go on to marry Freddy rather than Higgins.

UNDER Moss Hart's sharp comic direction the performances are delicious. Rex Harrison, playing what Shaw described as a man whose affections and sense of beauty are disengaged from his specifically sexual impulses, manages to be an unsexy Rexy a good part of the way. Much of the time he is capricious and cocky, performing such antics as balancing a cup and saucer on top of his hat. Much of the time he is contemptuously rude to Eliza. And the first time he does release his extraordinarily magnetic passion it is for the English language rather than a woman. But near the end when he finally does express his feelings for Eliza (the motion-picture ending in which she returns to his flat is used) the voltage between them is so overpowering that Shaw's unromantic sequel becomes preposterous. The audience *has* its happy ending to "misfit" Shaw's deliberately didactic drama.

Maybe this is best for the spirit of musical comedy, although one of the greatest of all, "Pal Joey," did manage to get away with a more hard-boiled denouement. The audience wants Higgins to be Prince Charming and Eliza to be Cinderella. And Julie Andrews, whom we first saw as Cinderella in a London pantomime, is

". . . enchantingly performed."

ideal as a self-made rather than a lucky rags-to-riches heroine. Though she sells violets she is not one herself, as she makes a sweeping snubbing turn and anticipates her father's appeal for funds with "Not a brass farthing." Her beauty, like her speech and manners, improves in gradual stages and, although the twenty-year-old star's external fire is still in the process of developing, she achieves magnificent inner intensity in the quiet scenes. Robert Coote plays Pickering a bit more like Dr. Watson than as Shaw's scholar, but his performance is solid. Holloway provides a swaggering music-hall version of Alfred Doolittle, and Cathleen Nesbitt with her own innate graciousness saves the part of Mrs. Higgins from the snobbish caricature the authors have tended to make her.

Oliver Smith's settings are appropriately light, and he has sketched particularly bright backgrounds of Covent Garden, Ascot, the London flower-market, and Mrs. Higgins's conservatory. Cecil Beaton's costumes are at their glorious best when he is dealing with the *haut-monde*. He makes the crowd at Ascot a glittering étude in black and gray. Hanya Holm's dances are pleasant and brief.

In short, "My Fair Lady," while lacking the absolute faithfulness to purpose that one finds in a masterpiece like "The Threepenny Opera" or "The Boy Friend" or even the show-stopping high-spots one finds in "Pal Joey," "South Pacific," and "Guys and Dolls," is nevertheless an intelligent wedding of musical-comedy and musical-play techniques enchantingly performed. It is not only the best new musical production of the season. It is—and this is more pertinent than superlatives—an enormously eupeptic treat.

—HENRY HEWES.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 666

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 666 will be found in the next issue.

UCXDHIE HBOZV LI

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ABCDE.

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Answer to Literary Crypt No. 665

Logical consequences are the scarecrows of fools and the beacons of wise men.

—THOMAS HUXLEY.

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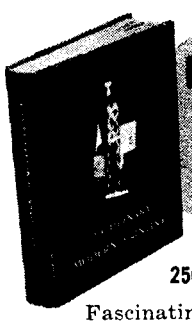
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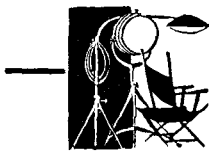

Conquerors on Celluloid

ONE OF the last things we're accustomed to expect from Hollywood's big, showy historical spectacles is authenticity or, at least, respect for the known facts about a distant time. It comes as something of a surprise, then, to find Robert Rossen's spectacle **"Alexander the Great"** dealing with the politics of fourth century B.C. Greece and Macedonia, and to see such figures as Demosthenes and Aristotle showing up in something of a proper light. Alexander himself is made neither all hero nor all villain and is, in fact, given a considerable degree of complexity. Mr. Rossen, who wrote, directed, and produced this lengthy movie, a task that is said to have taken him four years, has obviously striven to avoid most of the cliches of spectacle form. There is no fiery romance between a handsome conqueror and a luscious oriental slave girl, no daring feats of horsemanship, charges, sieges, chariot races, and the like. Nevertheless, I'm afraid that Rossen deserves more commendation for what he hasn't done than for what he has.

For when one goes in for historical authenticity in a motion picture the problem becomes one of coalescing a lengthy string of events and incidents (fascinating though they may be as history) into something resembling dramatic form. Few historical novels and plays are anything more than contrived hokum, and the successes are more likely to be dramatic interpretations rather than illuminating glimpses of a past time. "Alexander the Great," while sticking reasonably close to such facts as have come down to us, is not good drama, and isn't particularly good movie, either. The thread of a coherent story line is missing. Too much, therefore, seems to be happening in a dramatic vacuum.

Even so the acting is several cuts above the level usually associated with this kind of movie. Fredric March, as Philip of Macedonia, is a heroic and stark figure. Danielle Darieux, as Olympias, first wife of Philip, and mother of Alexander, gets into the role some of the wild, eery quality her real life counterpart is supposed to have had. But it is Richard Burton who is given the largest task, and one must sympathize with him. How portray a man who in a thirty-three-year life span conquered the entire world of which he had any knowledge, and who has fascinated mankind ever since? Alexander was a man who appears to have been a genius on more than one level, a military commander of the first rank, a king with a vision far in advance of his time, that of uniting (in the fullest sense) East and West; a man who gave birth to vivid legends, who seems to have convinced many of his time—including his own father—that his birth was godlike, his attributes equally so. Since Mr. Rossen has written some of this into the script, Mr. Burton must cope with it. He works hard, but he is almost never convincing. One could hardly expect him to be.

Rossen would undoubtedly have had an easier time of it if he'd settled for something in the nature of a Greek horse opera. As it is, in spite of interesting open air sets, excellent costuming, and some vivid CinemaScope photography, he has largely turned out a highly colorful pageant, with a good deal of the stiffness that the description implies. Alexander as far as the movies go is still a character in search of a plot.

* * *

As fate would have it, another conqueror appears on the movie scene this week. He is no less a leader than Temujin, known to history as **"Genghis Khan."** Howard Hughes, the producer of this Mongol "Western," had none of the compunctions about authenticity that Robert Rossen had. All he found necessary was to fit John Wayne with a vaguely oriental mustache, round up Susan Hayward and a couple of hundred horses, and then let things ride. Those Mongols of the twelfth century were rough customers, it is made clear, and since they were never assumed to show much respect for Christian morality there is no harm in showing how they went in for rape, treachery, interesting kinds of violence, and exotic entertainments—including belly-dancing *en flambeau*. Oscar Millard, the screen writer, seems to have been content to avoid practically all historical sources in fashioning his story, and Mr. Wayne and Miss Hayward have never looked more foolish as they show us how fierce love and sex were in those days. Not for children, presumably, but *try* to keep them home watching TV when this one comes around. —HOLLIS ALPERT.

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TV AND RADIO

Which Came First: TV or the World?

MASS-MEDIA observers claim that TV and radio mirror the world in which we live. I have long suspected that the opposite is true—namely, that radio and TV create a world in their own image. The CBS Radio Workshop in a recent broadcast, "Cops and Robbers," by Stanley Niss, has proved my suspicions correct—at least, so far as cops are concerned. Time was when officers of the law were dull, plodding Sergeant Fridays—sober, simple, doin'-a-job folk. Time was. Now, after more than a generation of broadcasting, cops—as represented on the Workshop program—are highly competent, alertly tempo'd, debonair, even witty gentlemen, equally skilled in gallantry and in Rabelaisian effrontery. This modification of behavior could have come about only because of the relentless, pervasive influence of dial cops on the real thing.

The cops on the Workshop's "Cops and Robbers" were four in number—all real-life detectives retired from the New York Police Department. Their job on the program was to play their professional roles in "breaking" a fictionalized armed-robbery case. The "robbers" were played by professional actors. These too, in a sense, were playing professional roles: for the particular actors, Larry Haines, Elspeth Eric, John Sylvester, and Kenneth Lynch, have for so many years been playing robbers on radio and TV that their criminal reflexes are perfectly authentic.

The point about the real cops is that they were vastly entertaining. Their dialogue (completely improvised, for they had no scripts, no rehearsal) was terse, crackling, alive with squad-room lingo, and—unconsciously—funny. On entering a robber's apartment and preparing to look around one detective exclaimed, "We'll give it a good search!" "Yeah. We're the best moving men in the world!" his partner echoed. "I'm gonna cover the door," said another detective, in case he [another robber] comes in." "Do that, by all means," politely agreed the other cop. "Stick 'em up!" cried these real cops when the robber entered. "Give him a quick frisk, a quick fan!"

"What's men's clothing doing in your closet?" asked a detective of the robber's girl-friend. "That's—uh . . . that's . . ." the girl-friend stumbled. Sly as any TV man behind the badge, "Your father's!" suggested the cop. Dollars were "fish" to these cops; the lock-up was "the boob." "Shut up, you bum!" and "What you need is a good punch in the belly!" came easy in their verbalizations. And if ever there was a curtain line taken straight from a thousand "Dragnets" it was this one, spoken at one scene's end by a real detective in "Cops and Robbers,"—"Howie, take this guy out and fingerprint him and let him think this thing over and if he don't come up with something different—boy, you're in!"

The evidence is conclusive. America's cops are now all TV-men. They even wind up a case in a thirty-minute format. The four detectives on the Workshop program did just that. Their feat, of course, was well-structured for them by Mr. Niss, the program's creator. He furnished them with a fictionalized "squeal sheet" simulating an official complaint detailing a robbery, a shooting, and a getaway in a car. With this information the lieutenant in charge and his three associates decided on their successive moves, and producer Niss set the stage for them. The whole imaginative operation was made possible by the use of tape in recording the show. After a scene was finished, either read from script by the actors or improvised by detectives and actors, a talk-up followed for the next scene: the cast would move to another spot in the radio studio (set up in the manner of TV sets, with a moving sound boom following them) and that scene would be tape-recorded.

"Cops and Robbers," hardly portentous, touches the authentic tradition of the old, famed Columbia Workshop. A fresh idea, calculated to stir momentarily the jaded radio practitioners who have known earlier excitement, it constituted a sort of "jam session" for producers and actors. The thrill of the "satisfactory unexpected" was hoped for in the experiment, and it paid off. The actors found it a spirited exercise. They rose successfully to the challenge of improvisation, proving again how ample are the capacities of many radio and TV actors and how rarely their full skills are called on. Actors find it necessary to release these creative energies; and that is one reason for the present lively state of our off-Broadway stage and for the many actors' studios. TV's spectacularly climbing budgets make valid experimentation practically impossible. Radio, with its unspectacular costs, has never lost the technical capacity to explore. It needs but the will and the talent. For thirty minutes, one Friday night on CBS Radio, "Cops and Robbers" had both. —ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

PICK AND CHOOSE

Here are ten elimination contests involving British and American authors. If you were going at the thing blindly, your chances of success would be one in four, but we know all our bright little girls and boys are going to do much, much better than that. Answers on page 31.

One of these

1. — was not a clergyman's son: William Cullen Bryant, Stephen Crane, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Oliver Wendell Holmes.
2. — was not a clergyman's daughter: Jane Austen, Charlotte Brontë, George Eliot, Elizabeth Gaskell.
3. — was not born in London: G. K. Chesterton, George Meredith, D. G. Rossetti, A. C. Swinburne.
4. — was not born in New York City: Washington Irving, Herman Melville, Theodore Roosevelt, James Thurber.
5. — was not a graduate of Harvard: Richard Henry Dana, Jr., H. W. Longfellow, Francis Parkman, H. D. Thoreau.
6. — was not a graduate of Yale: Clarence Day, Sinclair Lewis, F. Scott Fitzgerald, Noah Webster.
7. — lived beyond his fortieth year: Byron, Keats, Lamb, Shelley.
8. — died before his eightieth year: Browning, Landor, Tennyson, Wordsworth.
9. — did not write an autobiography: De Quincey, Dickens, Conan Doyle, Trollope.
10. — wrote an autobiography: Willa Cather, Emily Dickinson, Edna Ferber, Amy Lowell.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Return of Cantelli, "Manon Lescaut," Madeira

GUIDO CANTELLI'S seasonal return to the Philharmonic-Symphony (scheduled for January but deferred when his part in the opening of La Piccola Scala intruded) found him in sure command of a well-planned program. A sequence that began with Creston's "Dance Overture," proceeded with the fourth symphony of Schumann, and ended with Wilhelm Backhaus as soloist in the Beethoven Fourth Concerto made artistic sense as well as good music.

Creston's notion of using four contrasting dance rhythms of Spanish, English, French, and American origin proved to be a good one by the test of trial and error. In other words, a lively piece has resulted, and Cantelli gave it suitable propulsion. The Schumann symphony also had continuity of outline, and a good melodic flow in the slow movement. Some transitional passages lacked the animation inherent in them, and the problem of balancing brass against strings—always tricky in the not-too-well calculated scoring of Schumann—was not wholly solved. A good basic conception is there, however.

This being the first Backhaus appearance with orchestra in New York for at least thirty years it was more an occasion than a mere event, particularly as the venerable but far from aged master is a master in the area of "piano with orchestra." At the end there were unrestrained cheers and a sustained applause one rarely hears. Backhaus was in grand pianistic form, which means grand pianistic performance. But for those to whom the Beethoven No. 4 has always suggested an intimate work, on restricted dynamic lines, this was something of a puzzler.

From the opening chords, rather percussively struck, the treatment was broader by much than that which is customarily heard. Perhaps it was the reduction in size of the orchestra which emphasized the disparity, but it was decidedly a "big" conception that Backhaus offered. A master of proportion, Backhaus maintained his scale throughout with a map-maker's precision, with results that were compelling. I would not, however, say they were really endearing, the sound more often than not being harsh and unlyrical (a trait in part of the instrument he used). These are words so remote from the Beethoven commonly projected in this work as to be almost antagonistic. In a way he made the cadenza (his own) of movement three a kind of summation of the whole, but it was too big and insistent for my taste. Beethoven is as Backhaus does, but woe betide a lesser artist who ventured such a gambit.

Thanks in large part to the direction of Dimitri Mitropoulos, Puccini's "Manon Lescaut" is enjoying more of real revival in its present hearings at the Metropolitan than it has for some years. The stage dress remains the one designed by H. Krehan-Crayon for Edward Johnson's final season (1949-1950), but it still retains shape and color. More important, however, Mitropoulos is providing substantial quantities of the same for the score. A variable cast, whose strongest assets are Richard Tucker's Des Grieux and Fernando Corena's Geronte, hardly gives Mitropoulos all he deserves, but the spark of leadership he provides cannot be wholly throttled.

It is, for one thing, a more difficult score to project than the big three of Puccini—"Bohème," "Butterfly," and "Tosca"—for the audience is thoroughly familiar with every melodic turn of those, and needs merely to be reminded of its best memories, in a reasonably polite way, to respond with warmth. But "Manon Lescaut," though it has such sterling melodic matter as "Donna non vidi mai," "In quelle trine morbide," the duets of Des Grieux and Manon, has no such ready access to public affection. Thus some of the best vocal effort in this performance passed without proper response simply because the audience was not aware when it should respond. This has more than a little relation to the kind of opera Puccini was writing in 1892 (aged thirty-four) when some Wagnerian influence plus the example of the late Verdi lingered. He had learned better when he came to "Bohème" and "Tosca" how to contrive air spaces for applause. "Manon Lescaut" is one of Puccini's freshest scores melodically, and the strong leadership provided by Mitropoulos makes it well worth hearing.

Strength is also an attribute of Tucker's Des Grieux, and a welcome one. This is one of the top performances of his best season, and that is no slight accolade. Herbert Graf's direction was methodical and sound, but it could not make Tucker more Des Grieux than Tucker. Eleanor Steber's first Puccini Manon (she has, of course, done the Massenet version repeatedly) lacked the sensuous vocal sound for the Italian's writing, with outward manipulation of the vocal line, in her big solo opportunity, not providing what was lacking in inner identity. The end ("In quelle trine morbide") was abrupt and thus ineffective. Other roles were acceptably done (Frank Guarera was the Lescaut, Rosalind Elias charged with the prominent, if brief, part of the musician).

Anyone who recalls the debut of Jean Madeira as a Norn in the darkness of "Götterdämmerung" at the Metropolitan in 1948 would have to concede that her emergence into the Mediterranean sunshine of Bizet's "Carmen" was a high point on a lengthy artistic journey. An intelligent artist who gives close thought to what she undertakes, Miss Madeira had prepared herself thoroughly in the dramatic as well as the musical aspects of the part, utilizing her height to advantage, also a mass of dark hair that framed her face effectively. Everything had been closely worked out to a plan that found her "doing something" almost all the time. Mostly it was done with a suggestion of youthful suppleness not often seen.

Vocally the performance was not quite so well organized. Her lean, not too vibrant sound rarely caressed the ear, and the celebrated specialities—the "Habanera," "Seguidilla," "Chanson Boheme," etc.—were marred by little, but constant, deviations from the pitch. The voice was always working in a rhythmic pattern related to the score, but it was too often above or below the actual note. Also a disadvantage at the present time is her limited top. The voice has a dark, interesting color around the low C sharp, and a usable octave above; but when an F (not to say, higher tones) are required they are squeezed. In the important area of temperature (present-day Carmens seem to prefer a reading that amounts to "sultry") Miss Madeira may be described as moderately warm.

The evening promised Kurt Baum as José, but this veteran helper-outer himself needed help on this occasion, and Giulio Gari took his place. His first act was hardly impressive—the soft texture of the voice did not stand up in the ensembles, and the duet with Micaela (Lucine Amara) lacked assurance. However, he delivered a competent "Flower Song," vocally accurate and warm in feeling. The best tenor on stage was Paul Franke as Remendado. Frank Guarera was the Toreador, with Max Rudolf conducting vigorously.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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Fiction

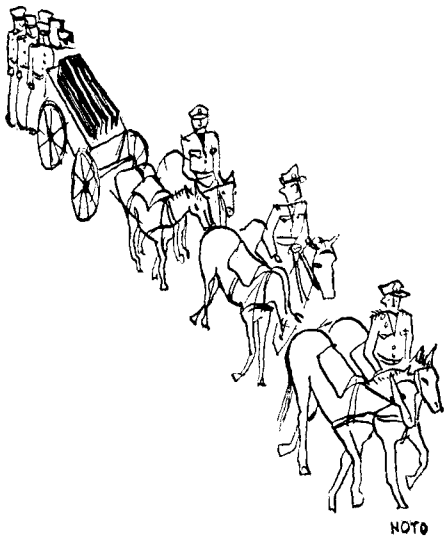
Continued from page 14

be a mistake. Here is the lesson: it is men primarily afraid of making fools of themselves who may someday ignore the urgent warning signs which are preliminary to an attack. If you like well-wrought melodrama don't miss "Forbidden Area," for it abounds with absorbing excitement, and in that excitement there is lodged an authentic human truth. —EDMUND FULLER.

PLAYTIME IN BERMUDA: A Bermudian stock company, in which most of the heavy duty playing goes on offstage, is the focal point of Ilka Chase's cheerful diversion **"The Island Players"** (Doubleday, $3.95). The principals are Chester and Carla Danforth, a pair of unspoiled but much married stars who are doing a week at the resort theatre, in a pre-Broadway offering entitled "Blindman's Buff." Despite the absence of a second act and the presence of three of Carla's spouses on the sun-kissed isle, the show runs smoothly enough—till an incredibly dastardly theatre operator precipitates a ruckus with the cast. The poor fellow hasn't a chance, though, being completely outnumbered by Carla's ex-husbands, one of whom happens to be the island's governor.

Also involved are four children of one or another (or both) of the Danforths, an American countess whom Carla would like to see married to her second husband (for reasons too labyrinthine to go into here), and sundry theatrical types who hover colorfully in the background. By maintaining a light touch and a tongue firmly in cheek, Miss Chase makes the most of strictly comic-opera situations. —MARTIN LEVIN.

ALSO NOTED: "The Secrets of Caroline Cherie," by Cecil St. Laurent (Crown, $3.50), is another historical romance featuring the further adventures of a female Lanny Budd. This time Cherie is sent on a diplomatic errand by Talleyrand and is caught between battle lines of the Russian and the Napoleonic armies. Ingenious strategies keep her from harm, while one particular love affair keeps her from getting bored until she is reunited with her French soldier-husband. St. Laurent's Cherie novels have become the rage on the Continent, thanks to the saucy and amorous pastimes of the heroine.



"Two Rubles to Times Square," by Guy Richards (Little, Brown, $3.50), is a political farce set some time in the future. General Ketov, an anti-Communist general, steams into New York with an unofficial "Trojan Horse" task force, vigorously waving the American flag. He has no trouble capturing the city. The idea behind the exercise is to wake up Americans to the Russian menace. It's a thin idea at best, but whatever life it does have the author manages to smother by his innocuous storytelling.

"Always a River," by Drayton Mayrant (Appleton-Century-Crofts, $3.75), briefly sketches episodes in early American colonial life. Schoolmaster Purbeck plucks up his Puritan courage to lend a hand to Massachusetts and South Carolina settlers menaced by witch hunts and Indians. The period details are far more interesting than the characters.

"Island of the Pit," by Vincent James (Messner, $3), is an adventure yarn about Joe and his wife, Helen, who find themselves alone on an exotic Pacific Island with Hadley Kane, Joe's former army buddy. Kane turns out to be a drooling villain who is not content with their successful quest for gold, but wants Helen as well. It comes as no surprise that sterling Joe and virtuous Helen win out. The jungle setting is deftly rendered, but the plot is overly contrived.

"Abigail," by E. Louise Mally (Appleton-Century-Crofts, $3.75), pictures the bitter struggle that took place between Southern plantation owners and abolitionists who operated the underground railroad. Northerner Abigail, whose father holds the mortgage to the Harrison plantation, is married to her opportunistic cousin Rank Harrison, but her sympathies force her to break with the clan. Miss Mally writes with a fine sense of drama and historical authenticity.

—S. P. MANSTEN.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Bryant. 2. George Eliot. 3. Meredith. 4. Thurber. 5. Longfellow. 6. Fitzgerald. 7. Lamb. 8. Browning. 9. Dickens. 10. Edna Ferber.

Education

Continued from page 23

in the stream of his own unrecognized talents and constructive impulses."

And Mr. Hechinger would hope to put an end to the futile argument about "progressive" education with the Commission's conclusion that there are "practically no public schools . . . which can properly be called 'progressive' or 'traditional'." The Commission believes, its chairman, Norman Cousins, writes in his foreword to Mr. Hechinger's book, that "education fails unless the three R's at one end of the school spectrum lead ultimately to the four P's at the other —Preparation for Earning, Preparation for Living, Preparation for Understanding, Preparation for Citizenship."

Paying teachers more isn't the only answer, critics of the schools contend. Mr. Hechinger accepts this, but adds that we live in a "society which tends to look down on the person who fails to make an adequate living." On the contentious point of liberal arts training for teachers *vs.* education courses the author's strong belief is that weak teachers will tend to lean more on "procedural crutches." Conversely, he finds our modern education is "a superior system for superior teachers." In their selection pay scales can't be ignored. And in teacher training far more tailoring to the individual is essential. This costs more money, too. (A detailed and encouraging explanation of how Connecticut is spending some of its money on a successful Emergency Teaching Training Program for liberal arts graduates will be exciting news wherever Mr. Hechinger's book is read.)

To those harassed by increasing costs of public education Mr. Hechinger asks "why anyone ever thought that popular government and democratic life could be secured cheaply is difficult to understand."

What Mr. Hechinger says, in sum, is that Connecticut citizens and their Commission have pointed the way to look for the truth. This is not to imply that Connecticut has done much more than start gingerly in the direction that better schools lie. They are not to be found, as Mr. Hechinger's book convincingly tells, wholly in the search for better buildings or better teachers or better curricula, but in the "critical awakening of citizens across the country."

Those who are dissatisfied with the second-best and the third-rate must be "watching, surveying, debating, and fact-finding all the time." For such exploration Connecticut's adventure is a precious logbook.

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The Annihilation of Privacy

Continued from page 11

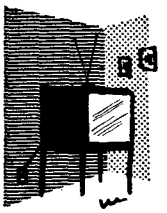
are instruments of torture which are at the disposal of anyone who has anything from moth-eaten ratskins to political self-aggrandizement to peddle. Wherever you may be your eardrums may suddenly be assaulted by the inescapable abomination issuing from a mobile public-address unit. Seated in your own home your privacy may be similarly blasted by the outbreak of obstreperousness issuing from such a mobile unit.

THUS, in whatever environment one may be the opportunity of being quietly with oneself is inexorably diminishing, for there is no longer any time of the day during which one cannot be broken in on by the uninvited gate-crashers of the sound barrier without so much as a by-your-leave.

In addition to the varieties of noise another widespread technique, developed within the last 100 years, for the invasion of privacy is advertising. Advertising in its proper place is undoubtedly a desirable means of making people acquainted with what they might otherwise fail to know. But when I want to contemplate the beauties of the land I would prefer that contemplation to be uninterrupted by the impertinence of the huckster's misshapen and misplaced art which, like some pathological sequestrum, too often suggests that it would be better for not being at all. Certainly, there are some landscapes which are so dreary that they are lent greater interest by almost any kind of hoarding, there can be no criticism here, but where the natural beauty of the land is picturesque enough we can dispense with the dubious embellishments of the advertisers. Increasingly, however, as one travels about the country one has occasion to observe that no longer is it true that "every prospect pleases," but that it is more than ever true that this is so because "only man is vile." No other creature defaces its natural habitat with such unnatural excrescences as does man. Perhaps we shall someday live to see the whole of nature taken over by the advertising fraternity. The sea alone, I believe, has thus far resisted their efforts—but it is only a matter of time before they will conquer even that element. Skywriting, public addresses from the sky, advertising blimps and planes, are no longer novelties. Just think of the advertising blimps and planes are artificial satellites!

But for the time being let us keep to the earth and the advertisers. One of the most insidious forms which the depletion of privacy takes is mail advertising. I am not for a moment suggesting that large numbers of individuals do not like receiving advertising in their mail. On the contrary, it is clear that innumerable persons do enjoy receiving this kind of mail, especially where the other kind is likely to be somewhat thin. For the advertising people such persons become like so many puppets who can, in certain numbers, be moved in the desired direction. I will not discuss, but only refer to, the untold thousands of acres of beautiful trees that are sacrificed in order to manufacture the paper upon which the advertisers impress their blandishments.

Those of us who are affronted by the time-wasting litter represented by so much of the advertising mail we receive are probably in the minority, and I shall not dwell upon this kind of invasion of their privacy, which is after all one of the minor invasions. But I do think that one of the little considered consequences of mail advertising is well worth some attention, and that is the reducing effects it has upon the reading habits of the population. There are large numbers of people whose reading is virtually restricted to the advertising they receive through the mail. Such readers are to be found not only among the isolated rural dwellers, but also among many who live in the larger urban centers of this world. What with the telephone, radio, movies, television, and the other distractions that modern life has to offer, the reading of the advertising mail fits comfortably into the necessity to be entertained, and will do service for a good deal of the reading of other kinds which might otherwise have been done.



With the toleration which is increasingly exhibited toward these encroachments upon our privacy goes an increasing callousness to them. We grow accustomed to the transgressions upon our being, the violations of our privacy, and the infringement of our right to be alone with ourselves whenever we choose. This is life as we know it, and the harder it grows the more hardened do we become to it. In becoming so hardened we become cut off from the best that is within ourselves and the best that we could make of ourselves and of the world in which we live. We become increasingly insensitive to all those things to which we should be most sensitive —above all, to human need. In the crowded cities in which we live in loneliness we live more and more for ourselves, in environments in which the modes and opportunities for spontaneous and unreserved social participation are reduced to a minimum. The struggle for existence and the gigantism of our cities have largely served to bring this isolation about, and at the same time to produce the state of mind which invites every kind of intrusion that will serve to reduce one's isolation. It is in this way that isolation comes to be confused with privacy, and the privacy of isolation is unwanted. Since in isolation (which is lack of desired social contact) privacy is excessive the individual is only too glad to sacrifice his privacy for less isolation.

The unsatisfied desire, the longing, for social participation leads to the fear of being alone, and the desire for occasional solitude tends to be overcome by the fear of being alone. In this manner the need for privacy may eventually be completely submerged in the overpowering need to be *with*—overpowering because it has been so inadequately satisfied by normal means. When such an annihilation of privacy is achieved man is indeed in danger—he is in danger of self-annihilation, of becoming a living automaton at the mercy of anyone who knows how to make him tick. In such a society one becomes grateful to "Big Brother" for assuming the task of directing the life one is no longer capable of directing oneself. In this way does the annihilation of privacy lead to the annihilation of the person, and of society, for the healthy society depends upon the ability of man to reflect upon what a true society is—and without the privacy to reflect man and society are lost.

Many men in contemporary society are very much in the state of Browning's "Paracelsus":

> I give the fight up: let there be an end,
> A privacy, an obscure nook for me.
> I want to be forgotten even by God.

Shall we ever recover our hearts? It is a question—and it is a question that can be successfully and happily answered only if each of us will do what is required—namely, to return to the fellowship of man. This is the answer to the individual's plaint

> And how am I to face the odds
> Of man's bedevilment and God's?
> I, a stranger and afraid,
> In a world I never made.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1149

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Mrs. Gilbreth's family word for "nasty," "disgusting" ("Cheaper by the Dozen").	129 121 179 188 151 174
B. Capital city of the continent subject to the King of Laputa ("Gulliver's Travels").	62 104 70 165 132 153
C. Specifying the "eye which is the bliss of solitude" (Wordsworth).	45 178 184 191 115 123
D. Swiss-born physicist in U.S., noted for researches in cosmic rays (1898—).	22 164 114 10 138 111
E. Ruined city of Cambodia; nearby a famous temple from 1000 years ago.	17 162 25 46 117 190
F. Nickname of the young Kipling in "Stalky & Co."	142 124 155 163 93 171
G. Chief town of Zululand, beautifully located resort.	109 105 128 173 146 186
H. Muse of comedy.	127 133 147 44 122 141
I. Dutch naturalist of 19th cent.	185 150 193 79 11 98
J. Chief word in the French phrase meaning nude.	166 136 168 159 176 52 32
K. Brief writing suitable for inscription on a monument.	134 28 68 167 97 189
L. Loss of all but whispered speech.	101 86 51 169 69 49 21
M. Rearing on the hind legs, forepaws out.	110 90 50 5 177 187 102
N. Better.	156 57 94 65 118 108 83

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
O. A favorite scheme or remedy.	24 14 126 107 34 144 73
P. Pertaining to the Dutch statesman regarded as father of international law.	130 6 143 116 23 67 42
Q. As adjective, flimsy; as proper name, connotes high quality in precious things.	135 96 112 59 19 154 192
R. British schoolboy "boners"; monkeys studied on Barro Colorado.	87 131 157 137 60 125 149
S. Gave out.	139 53 181 120 43 152 8
T. Follower of a half-witted man who tried to prevent use of labor-saving machinery, 150 years ago.	160 119 194 72 40 182 64
U. Put with (2 wds.).	113 39 91 82 140 99 29
V. Objects of purely rational apprehension.	84 158 31 20 9 106 54
W. The standard factory and homemade cheese.	63 183 58 161 55 85 15
X. Very, in colloquial use; sublimely, terribly, majestically, etc.	78 180 175 74 26 89 1
Y. Describing the "dead who did squeal and gibber in the Roman streets" (Hamlet).	18 48 56 80 37 7 41
Z. Prancing; esp. of a horse.	76 88 145 172 3 30 27
Z^1. Appellation of Antiochus X of Syria, as "the pious."	47 36 13 61 170 92 148
Z^2. Animal pests of Australia.	4 33 35 81 38 66 12
Z^3. Demonstrate a method (2 wds.).	75 95 71 16 77 2 103

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

1 X	2 Z^3	3 Z	4 Z^2	■	5 M	6 P	7 Y	8 S	9 V	10 D	11 I	12 Z^2	13 Z^1	14 O	15 W	■	
16 Z^3	17 E	18 Y	■	19 Q	20 V	21 L	22 D	23 P	24 O	25 E	26 X	27 Z	■	28 K	29 U	30 Z	
31 V	32 J	33 Z^2	34 O	■	35 Z^2	36 Z^1	37 Y	■	38 Z^2	■	39 U	40 T	41 Y	42 P	43 S	■	
44 H	45 C	46 E	47 Z^1	■	48 Y	49 L	50 M	■	51 L	52 J	■	53 S	54 V	55 W	56 Y	■	
57 N	58 W	■	59 Q	60 R	61 Z^1	62 B	■	63 W	64 T	65 N	66 Z^2	67 P	68 K	69 L	■	70 B	
71 Z^3	72 T	■	73 O	74 X	75 Z^3	76 Z	■	77 Z^3	78 X	79 I	80 Y	■	81 Z^2	82 U	83 N	84 V	
■	85 W	■	86 L	87 R	88 Z	89 X	90 M	91 U	92 Z^1	93 F	94 N	95 Z^3	96 Q	97 K	98 I	■	
99 U	100 K	101 L	102 M	■	103 Z^3	104 B	105 G	106 V	107 O	■	108 N	109 G	110 M	111 D	■	112 Q	
113 U	114 D	115 C	■	116 P	117 E	■	118 N	119 T	120 S	121 A	122 H	123 C	124 F	125 R	126 O	■	
127 H	128 G	129 A	■	130 P	131 R	132 B	■	133 H	134 K	■	135 Q	136 J	137 R	138 D	139 S	140 U	
■	141 H	142 F	143 P	144 O	145 Z	■	146 G	147 H	148 Z^1	■	149 R	150 I	151 A	152 S	153 B	154 Q	
155 F	■	156 N	■	157 R	158 V	159 J	160 T	161 W	162 E	163 F	■	164 D	165 B	166 J	167 K	■	
168 J	169 L	■	170 Z^1	171 F	■	172 Z	173 G	174 A	■	175 X	176 J	177 M	178 C	179 A	■	180 X	
181 S	182 T	183 W	■	184 C	185 I	186 G	187 M	■	188 A	■	189 K	190 E	191 C	192 Q	193 I	194 T	

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 16 of this issue.

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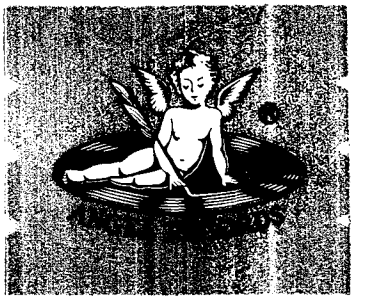
at the sign of the "Angel"



Aries

April RELEASES

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No. 1; *Egmont, Leonore No. 3* Overtures		(35097)
No. 2; *Coriolanus* Overture		(35196)
No. 3 *(Eroica)*		(35000)
No. 4; aria, *Ah Perfido* (Schwarzkopf)		(35203)
No. 5; aria, *Abscheulicher!* (Schwarzkopf)		(35231)
No. 6 *(Pastoral)* (35080)	No. 7	(35005)

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SR/
RECORDINGS
SECTION

MARCH 31, 1956

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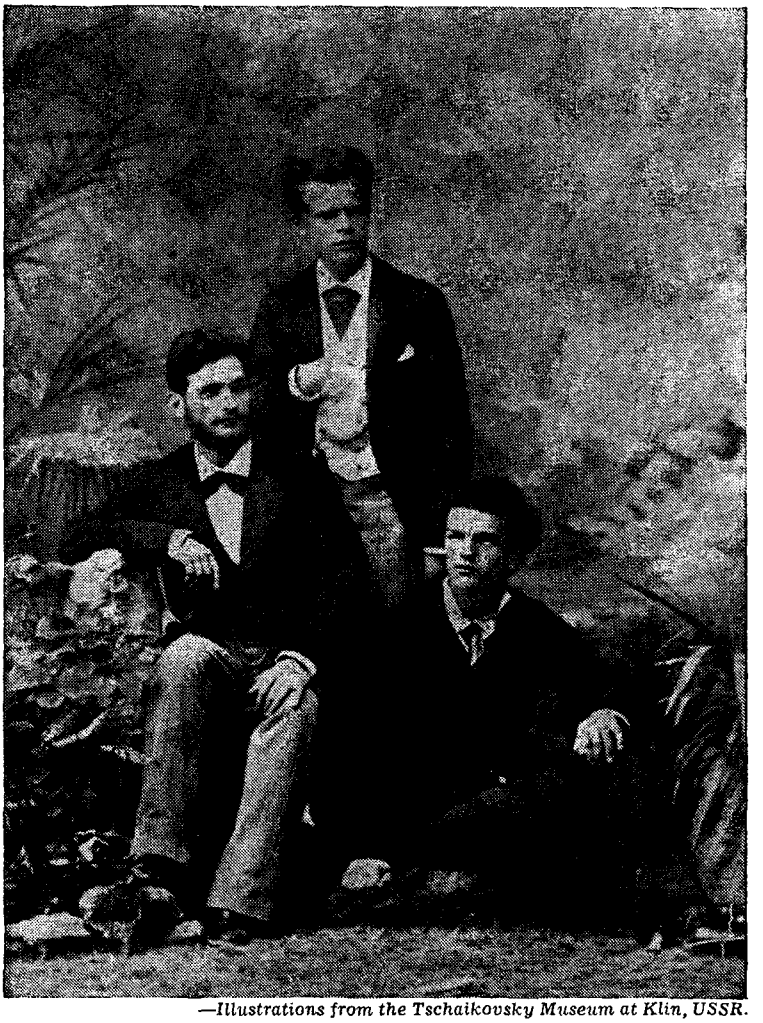
DEBUSSY AT MME. VON MECK'S

The following article is excerpted from a chapter in "Debussy: Musician of France," to be published in April by G. P. Putnam's Sons (copyright 1956 by Victor I. Seroff).



—*Illustrations from the Tschaikovsky Museum at Klin, USSR.*

Debussy (right) as one of Mme. von Meck's trio.

By VICTOR SEROFF

WHILE Debussy was a student at the Paris Conservatory in 1880, aged eighteen, an event occurred which, though little known for many years, had a considerable influence on his later career. Antoine Marmontel *père* was certainly the last person at the Paris Conservatory Debussy would have suspected of having any interest in his future. Yet it was the old professor who suggested Achille when he received a request for a good pianist from a foreigner living in Switzerland. For years the name of the *grande dame* was guessed wrongly and misspelled. She was referred to as *Madame Meitch,* the wife of a rich industrialist, or as *Madame la baronne de Metch,* or even *as Madame Meuch.* Debussy never spoke of this early adventure and few in France knew anything of the intimate lives of foreign musicians. Eventually, sentimental biographies of Peter Tchaikovsky have disclosed the name of the *grande dame,* the "beloved friend" of the Russian composer. But not until some 1,200 of the 2,000 letters they wrote each other were published in the USSR during 1934-1936 was it possible to have a true picture of the woman and the young Debussy's connection with her.

Madame Nadejda von Meck was a Russian of middle class who acquired her German title through her marriage to Karl von Meck, a railroad engineer, originally from the Baltic region in the old Russian Empire. During the first few years of this union the Mecks were poor, living at times on "ten cents a day," but this did not deter them from having eleven children.

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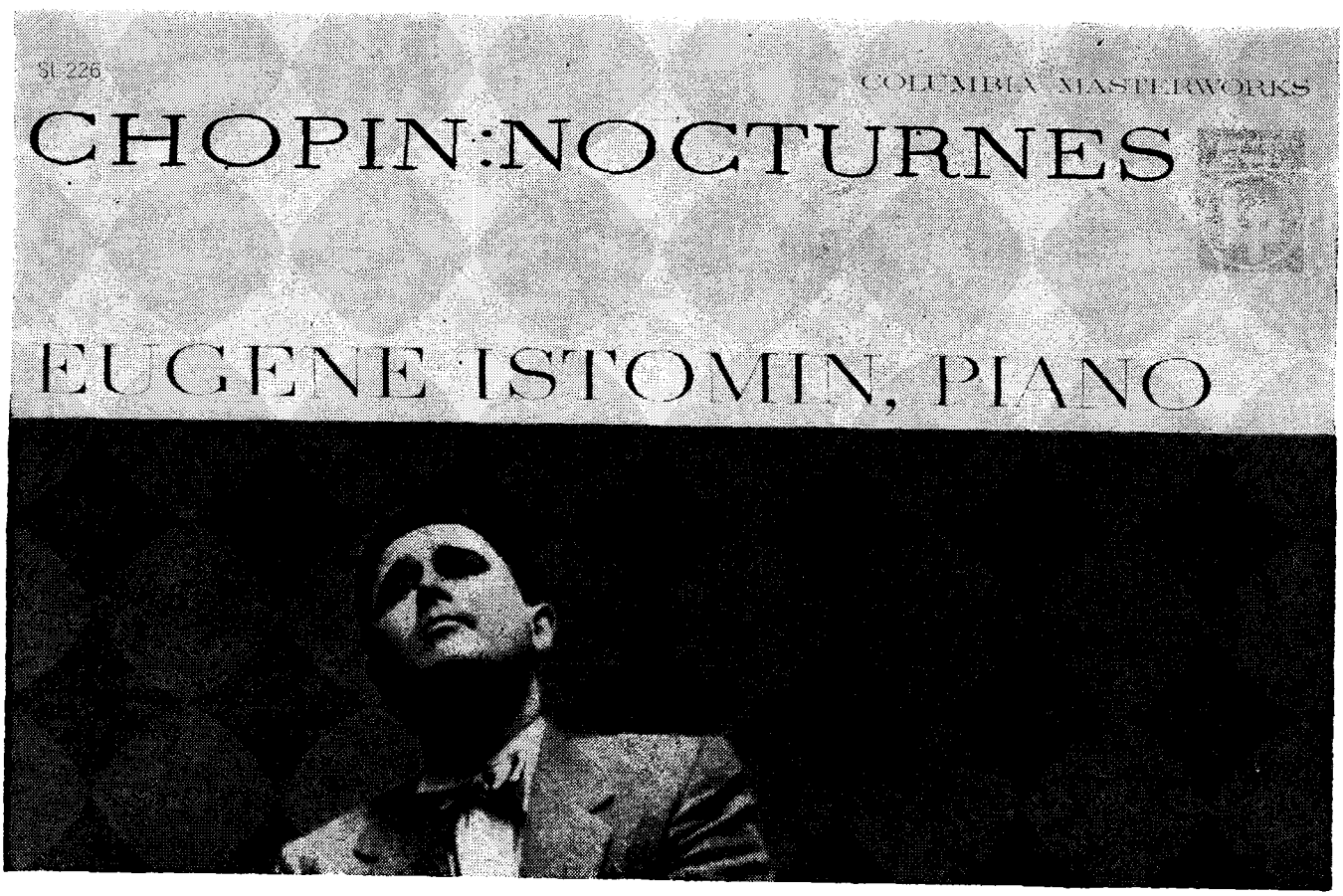

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came in the early 1860s when, prodded by his wife's ambitions, Karl von Meck, in association with a certain Peter G. von Dervis, managed to get from the Imperial Government (mostly through bribery and court intrigue) a concession for the construction of three important railroads. Having invested a relatively small sum of money in the preliminary investigations and construction plans, they raised a large amount of capital from shares chiefly sold abroad, way beyond the actual cost of the construction. Fifteen years later, in 1876, Karl von Meck died, he left his widow an estate worth several million roubles and Madame von Meck became a patroness of the arts, music in particular. Her patronage of Tchaikovsky is well, if not too accurately, known.

Madame von Meck was fifty, with three of her eldest children already married, when in 1880 she came to spend the summer in Switzerland, France, and Italy. She traveled in grand style, taking along her two sons (Nicholas and Alexander), three daughters (Julia, Sonia, and Ludmila), a whole retinue of nurses, governesses, tutors, private maids and valets, and two or sometimes three musicians as part of her personal entourage. It was then, in Interlaken in the middle of July, that young Debussy became a part of her household.

His duties were to teach her children piano, to accompany their violin playing and singing, to play duets with Madame herself and to play any music she wished to hear, either solo or with her other musicians. Madame von Meck once wrote to Tchaikovsky that she wished she were King Ludwig of Bavaria so that she too could have an opera performed for her alone. This she never achieved. "But why shouldn't I have a trio of my own?" she thought. "In Nice Monsieur de Dervis has his own orchestra, in Florence they have Becker's quartet and in Vienna—Hellmesberger's quartet."

Debussy became the pianist in this "Trio de Madame von Meck." His partners, Vladislav Pakhulsky, violin, and Peter Danilchenko, cello, were permanently attached to their patroness. The former eventually became her son-in-law (he married Julia), acted as her private secretary, and composed inoffensive music on the side, while the latter gambled away every penny at the roulette wheel—both natural consequences of a long association with Madame.

"Everything I read [in music] is new to me and certainly it is new to 'my Frenchman'," she said. Thus Debussy's remarkable aptitude for sight-reading stood him in good stead. In

Mother Nadejda (center) with her daughters Ludmila and Sonia.

fact, it so impressed Madame von Meck that her enthusiasm rose to a pitch usually reserved for a few chosen occasions. She declared it was miraculous. "He even read your manuscript at first sight," she wrote to Tchaikovsky and hastened to add that his second virtue, "a reflective virtue, so to speak," was that he was delighted with Tchaikovsky's music. She decribed to the composer how Debussy, after playing his suite, exclaimed: "Among all the modern fugues I never found anything as beautiful. Monsieur Massenet could never have equaled it."

Actually this was the only time that Debussy expressed such a glowing opinion of Tchaikovsky's music, but considering how the Tchaikovsky cult saturated the atmosphere at Madame von Meck's it is not surprising that her quick conclusions were a bit premature and exaggerated. She liked Debussy for it and that was a good thing, for otherwise Achille's efforts to impress her did not succeed.

To give himself more pedagogical authority (Sonia was five and Ludmila ten years younger than he but the boys were about his own age, and Julia was nine years older) Debussy told Madame that he was twenty. Her experienced eye saw that the beardless youth was younger. She said he looked sixteen—Debussy was eighteen. He told her that he was Massenet's pupil and this she believed. Debussy never was Massenet's pupil, but Massenet was a good name, better known than those of his actual professors.

MADAME VON MECK referred to Debussy as "my little Frenchman," and either called him just Bussy or by a Russified endearing nickname, *Bussyk*. Obviously the young man won her favor and she drew him into her orbit. Even if all the stars revolved around her "Lord and Master," this was not the worst thing that could have happened to Achille, who did not have as yet a wide knowledge of music. Debussy heard, thanks to her, the works of the Russian contemporary musicians of both schools: that of Moscow, associated with Tchaikovsky, and of St. Petersburg, associated with "The Mighty Five." In discussing all the various composers and their works, Madame von Meck was happy to hear that Debussy did not care for the Germans—*"Ils ne sont pas de notre tempérament, ils sont si lourds, pas clair."*

Whether in Interlaken, where they stayed less than a month, or in Arcachon, where their sojourn was cut short because Madame von Meck found the living quarters, the two large villas they occupied, too inadequate for her taste, or in Florence, where they finally settled down after a trip via Paris, Nice, and Naples, Debussy for the first time lived in a whirl of musical and social activities. Wherever they traveled they attended theatre, concert, and opera performances, or the local musicians were invited to join them in their own musicales. But that was not all. Teaching her children was a pleasure—they all soon became fast friends, and when his employer and hostess discovered that he composed he found in her a most encouraging patroness.

"I am sending you for your appre-

(*Continued on page* 53)

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The Realm of Queen Guiomar

By ABRAM CHASINS

NO WOMAN pianist has ever become celebrated in quite the way that Liszt or Paderewski or songbird Jenny Lind became celebrated. For more decades than a gentleman has any right to compute, Guiomar Novaes has been a pianist in the great tradition. Yet I think it is accurate to say that now, at the height of her career, she is not among the most widely-known figures of our time, except to musicians. Nevertheless, her superb pianism has a secure hold on a sizable and loyal audience to whom she is an idol, for whom she can do no wrong.

This is as it should be, for Mme. Novaes is a pianist to the manner born. She has a queenly dignity, ease, and elegance which have long made her a royal executant. She has never stooped to conquer. And she has never lost her devotional absorption in music since the day of her brilliant debut in Paris at sixteen.

Such is her simplicity and lucidity at the piano that one grasps instantly what any piece she plays is all about. At the same time one discovers what Mme. Novaes is all about. We discern a modest and deeply dedicated artist, a woman proud to be a woman, and so fully in command of herself that she is also in full command of her music, her instrument, and her public. Her expressivity is entirely personal. It is that of a consecrated wife and mother and musician who sees life whole, who speaks from the heart of joys and sorrows she herself has known. Her playing reveals intuition, emotional sensibility, and personal discipline, all fused in an art whics for all its sensuous beauty has a highly moral and spiritual quality.

Away from the platform Novaes has a Latin politeness and formality. In her musical opinions she is usually taciturn. But whenever she chooses to speak, she speaks frankly. Sometimes ruthlessly, as some young pianists who sought her advice can testify. She will not curry favor, nor is she inclined to give quarter in the interests of expediency. Managerial and recording officials admit that Novaes can be worrisome and even denunciatory, yet most of them agree that differences and difficulties are easily outweighed by artistic rewards.

Her teacher, Isidor Philipp, tells of one of Novaes's first lessons with him when she was thirteen. She played a Chopin piece. Beautiful it was, but subject to pedagogical suggestions. Philipp explained his ideas. "I understand," said little Guiomar. She sat down and played it precisely as before. Patiently, Philipp again explained. "I understand," said the prodigy. Again she played it, exactly as before. After a third repetition of this episode Philipp gave up, utterly convinced that her way was best. Certainly for her.

Evidently at an age when her contemporaries were still playing with dolls, Guiomar already showed signs of the most effective of all artistic elements: individuality. She has always made her own laws and almost always justified them. There are undeniable moments when she does not succeed, when one is puzzled, when one has to stand on one's head in reorientation of convictions in order to understand her premise. But it's often worth it, just for the pleasure of observing how imagination and authority—no matter how capricious—can produce a fascinating and provocative example of re-creation. Pianistically, Mme. Novaes has an effortless and spontaneous approach to the instrument. Therefore, her tone always sings. Therefore, limpid articulation and luminous gradations of color pervade everything. All with crystalline clarity. All with humanness and an abiding faith.

Both were demonstrated at Novaes's 1954 recital in New York. Once she missed the final top note of a deliciously played piece. For a moment she looked askance, then impulsively stuck out her tongue at the offending note. Everyone roared. In her opening work, she played a particularly exposed wrong note. Later she explained, "God wanted to keep me humble for the rest of the concert."

Novaes has spent her years in constant refinement of a basically romantic literature. She is less at home in the classic and modern worlds. Her classics disclose a disinterest in musicological facts. Her service to contemporary creation has been mainly confined to that which emanates from her immediate environment. Her genius lies in doing naturally what comes naturally. Her entire nature is evidently as stimulated and enhanced by audiences as they are by her presence, for it is primarily on the platform that the full force of her personality is freely expressed and significantly revealed.

In her numerous Vox recordings we often encounter another Novaes, one who rarely equals and nowhere heightens the sorcery of her counterpart. Side by side with the poetically precise Novaes at her best, her recorded performances also divulge her limitations. Limitations on various levels, scarcely apparent when we are beguiled by her effortless pianism, captivated by her handsome demeanor and dimpled smile. I suspect that Novaes's realization of the permanency of discs is partially responsible for the frequent lessening of her justly famed spontaneity, vibrancy, and freedom.

Happily, these qualities and still others are fully present in Novaes's recordings of Beethoven's Sonatas Op. 81a and Op. 27 No. 2, Schumann's "Kinderscenen" and "Papillons," Chopin's F minor concerto, Twenty-four Preludes, and certain other small-form works by this composer and others. Toward other recordings I tender qualified enthusiasm or none. Of course, a pianist of Novaes's caliber, unless faced by insurmountable challenges, is never less than a solid and interesting artist.

TO the two Beethoven sonatas, for example, Novaes brings a child-of-nature faith, tenderness, and impetuosity extremely favorable to their expressive substance. But in her recording of the sonata Op. 31, No. 2 and the Fourth Concerto one thinks back to the insight, drama, and spaciousness of Schnabel. Here one cannot even say that Novaes's depth of feeling outweighs depths of conception, for in these works—as in her recordings of Mozart's concertos K.271 and K.466, sonatas K.283 and K.331, and Rondo K.511—she sounds uneasy and remote. She keeps scholarship at a distance, unappreciative of its blood-relationship to the most pertinent elements of the classical styles.

In the Chopin concerto she again becomes the great Novaes; expressive, subtle, and captivating. She wisely eschews the heroic frame. This music responds perfectly to her exquisite treatment because its subject matter transcends its design and its subject matter is emotion.

The Schumann Concerto is an ideal vehicle for Novaes's taste and her ability to sing lyrically without insistence. I find her performance lacking only in tension and brio, and feel the same about her way with the Grieg Concerto, with one added point of esteem. Novaes approaches it without any sense of that condescension or relaxation of musical standards so frequently encountered when per-

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formers play "hollow" warhorses in a manner which shows their basic disrespect for the music. Not so Novaes, who also lends her seriousness and refinement to Falla's "Nights in the Gardens of Spain." But this opulent score demands a voluptuousness and virility not wholly present.

Novaes endows Schumann's "Carnaval" with color, variety, and many ingratiating details. Heard beside the complete conviction and perfection of her "Papillons" disc, however, it is far less impressive. Heard beside the masterly unity and imaginative power of Rachmaninoff in the "Carnaval," Novaes sounds innocent.

In the Chopin Etudes, recorded complete, Novaes appears musically and technically divested of her most treasurable assets. With the exception of the third, fifth and twelfth etudes of Op. 10, the first three and songful C sharp minor of Op. 25, and the Trois Nouvelles Etudes, Novaes seems overwhelmed by the task. Her characteristic ease, accuracy, and polish are often absent, and there are many disconcerting pages, as throughout the very first two etudes. It is only right to add that no artist has ever been adequate to the mechanical and poetic requirements of the formidable project. It would take an artist of Hofmann's all-encompassing art, and he never had the slightest intention of playing the complete set.

When Novaes essays Chopin's B flat minor Sonata, F minor Fantasy, and B minor Scherzo, we become aware of her femininity. There are many pages of luscious tone and fluent passage-work, but everything is essentially small-scaled. Breadth, bravura, and architectural continuity are the additional resources required for these dramatic canvases. Just sample the flaming triumph of Horowitz in the coda of the Scherzo. And is there anyone in the house who recalls Hofmann in the Sonata and the Fantasy? He will understand.

Novaes's performances of Chopin's Nocturnes, complete, show her high gifts and her unpredictability, too. She plays one phrase like an inspired cherub, the next as though she hadn't the faintest notion of its significance and cared less. The Nocturne played with the greatest mastery, with breathtaking beauty, sustained thought, and expressive intensity from beginning to end turns out to be none other than the profoundest and most difficult of them all, the tremendous C minor! In the Waltzes, also recorded complete, Novaes does marvelous things, commonplace things, ravishing things, and pedestrian things, all in one piece, and in many of them. Here, as in so many of the Nocturnes, one hears an impersonal and often uncommunicative Novaes, hurtling through melodic figurations with indifference to their interior poetry, struggling for expressiveness by playing one hand before another, or just abstaining from realization or involvement.

—*Steinway and Sons.*

The Novaes of 1915.

Joyfully, one again greets the spontaneous, rhythmically buoyant, and authentic Novaes in her performances of eleven Chopin Mazurkas. Unburdened by the demands of completion, playing selected works which she commands absolutely, Novaes exhibits compelling artistry. She does not seek the Slavic verve of Rubinstein. Each work is marked by her own unique style and dignity.

From one viewpoint it is possible to maintain that Mme. Novaes's frequent inability to match her concert standards on disc is evidence of her high sense of responsibility. The word "record" itself explains a true artist's trepidations. The recording performer literally puts himself—the self he seeks to perfect and perpetuate—"on record." Anyone who can approach the task without deep apprehension is no artist. Few musicians have the authority, the prestige, the bargaining power to insist upon conditions commensurate with such responsibility. Mme. Novaes has. She is in the well-earned position to accept or refuse an assignment. She has the right to select from a number of "takes" those which are representative of her fullest artistic intentions, and to reject those which are not. Presumably her Vox recordings were created thus.

Recordings made under such circumstances by such an artist invite estimation on the highest plane and in direct comparison with those of other sovereign artists. It is the old case of *noblesse oblige*. I am certain that Mme. Novaes, a Queen of pianists and the only woman ever to receive the Merit Order of Brazil, would not have it otherwise. After all, it is a good span of years since the late W. J. Henderson, writing in the *New York Sun* a season or two after Mme. Novaes's New York debut (a debut I was privileged to attend) said of her playing of the Chopin G minor Ballades: "Under the fingers of this gifted young woman depth of tone seems bottomless. . . . The piano wooed, not assaulted, pours out for her its treasures of sound. This was a reading which in the range of tonal beauties and its immense virility only Paderewski or Hofmann could have equalled. And perhaps that is enough for today about a little girl from Brazil."

A NOVAES DISCOGRAPHY (Vox LPs)

BEETHOVEN: Sonata No. 14 in C sharp minor, Op. 27 No. 2 ("Moonlight"), PL-8530; Sonata No. 17 in D minor, Op. 31 No. 2, PL-6270; Sonata No. 26 in E flat, Op. 81a ("Les Adieux"), PL-6270; Concerto No. 4 in G, (Pro Musica Symphony/Hans Swarowsky), PL-8530.

CHOPIN: Concerto No. 2 in F minor, Vienna Symphony/Otto Klemperer), PL-7100; Etudes, Op. 10, PL-9070; Etudes, Op. 25, PL-7560; Trois Nouvelles Etudes, PL-7560; Fantasy in F minor, PL-7810; Twelve Mazurkas, PL-7920; Nocturnes (Complete), PL-9632; Preludes (Complete), PL-6170; Scherzo No. 1 in B minor PL-9070; Sonata No. 2 in B flat minor, Op. 35, PL-7360; Waltzes (Complete), PL-8170.

FALLA: "Nights in the Gardens of Spain" (Pro Musica Symphony/Hans Swarowsky), PL-8520.

GRIEG: Concerto in A minor (Pro Musica Symphony/Hans Swarowsky), PL-8520.

MOZART: Concerto No. 9 in E flat, K. 271 (Pro Musica Symphony/Hans Swarowsky), PL-8430; Concerto No. 20 in D minor, K. 466 (Pro Musica Symphony/Hans Swarowsky), PL-8430; Rondo, K. 511, PL-9080; Sonata No. 5 in G, K. 283, PL-9080; Sonata No. 11 in A, K. 331, PL-9080.

SCHUMANN: "Carnaval," PL-7830; Concerto in A minor (Pro Musica Symphony/Hans Swarowsky), PL-8540; "Kinderscenen," PL-8540; "Papillons," PL-7830.

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Bach's Big Little Organ Book

By DAVID HEBB

EVERY writer who has had anything to say about Johann Sebastian Bach has turned a complimentary phrase for the collection of forty-five chorale-preludes which Bach devised to give instruction to budding organists. Following the pattern of the church year cycle, the "Little Organ Book" employs the melodies of simple hymns and develops each into a tone picture appropriate to its place in the liturgical year. Written when the organist-composer was in his twenties, there is ample indication of the Bach to come later in the St. Matthew and St. John Passions and in the church cantatas, the Bach who anticipated the *Leitmotiv* of Wagner and created an idiom of musical imagery.

Two impressive recordings of the complete "Little Organ Book" have recently been issued: Columbia (SL 227; 3-12″ LP), and Westminster (WN 2203; 2-12″ LP). Comparisons are odious, and it would be difficult indeed to say that one recording is "better" than the other. Both firms have apparently undertaken the work as a labor of love, and as a part of a long-range program of recording the entire organ works of Bach. Two of America's most accomplished organists are the artists; E. Power Biggs for Columbia, Carl Weinrich for Westminster.

The organs chosen for the recordings are separated from each other by an ocean and a century. Biggs plays the modern (1950) Aeolian-Skinner in Symphony Hall, Boston, a large instrument in the sense that it is extremely flexible, though here never overpowering. Westminster took Weinrich to Sweden, to record the organ of the church in the village of Skänninge, 180 miles southwest of Stockholm. Parts of the instrument date from about 1800, but it was rebuilt and expanded in 1939. Classisists among organists will be relieved to know that modernization of the organ did not include electro-pneumatic action. It is still a tracker-action instrument, in which there is a direct mechanical connection between the keys and the valves admitting air to the pipes.

These two recordings of the "Orgelbüchlein" come two years after the first LP performance by Finn Viderø, released by Haydn Society. Viderø's reading is more incisive and vigorous than either of the current releases, though each of the three is musically able to stand on its own feet. Biggs is at his best in "joyful" Bach, and it is this gentleman who wants the world to know that there is a great deal in Bach that *is* joyful. I believe the basic structure of the music in the "Little Organ Book" is easier to follow in the Biggs-Columbia edition, and that largely for two reasons. First, Biggs precedes the performance of each of the 45 chorale-preludes with a brief playing of the unembellished tune that was its source. Second, the booklet which accompanies the records includes copious notes by Mr. Biggs, with a musical index of the principal themes. Following this are fifty-eight score-pages comprising the entire work. Biggs writes:

> "The Little Organ Book" is for all music lovers, certainly not just for scholars. It is music to be enjoyed at leisure, in the quiet of the home rather than in concert. It is a treasury of Bach's imagination and his declaration of faith in the everlasting joy and comfort of music to the spirit.

The booklet published with the Weinrich-Westminster edition is an engaging narrative of the search for an organ to record. The entire story of the recording engagement is told, the organ-rebuilder gives an historical sketch of the instrument, and Karl Geiringer has written a brief essay on the music itself.

COLUMBIA has released the second group of organ recordings by Albert Schweitzer (5SL-223; 3-12″ LP). Like the first group in the series, these records were made in the parish church at Gunsbach, in Alsace. The D-Minor Toccata and Fugue which has appeared in so many guises—and which is surely the first Bach that a multitude of listeners ever heard—stands at the head of this three-record program, and establishes a vigor and brilliance that are regrettably too short-lived. The Chorale Fantasy "Ein Feste Burg" is plagued by distortion in the review pressings, and there is an annoying low-frequency vibration in the Chorale Prelude "Liebster Jesu wir sind hier."

This Schweitzer album also includes the "Dorian" Toccata and Fugue in D Minor, eight preludes and fugues, the C minor Passacaglia and Fugue, and six chorale preludes. Many listeners will doubtless share the opinion that Schweitzer sounds best in the slow chorales, which he performs with great warmth of feeling. Dr. Schweitzer's program notes are printed on the record sleeves; six twelve-inch-square pages of four columns each. Whatever the kindly doctor has to say about Bach—and that is a great deal—is worth reading, particularly personal reminiscences: "It (the E-Minor Prelude) sounded wonderfully plastic under the hands of Louis Vierne on the organ at Notre Dame at Paris."

Since Columbia has included the C minor Passacaglia and Fugue in its Schweitzer album, it is natural to remark that the Passacaglia has recently been issued in two other recordings. A year ago, more or less, we noted that recorded performances of this work were popping up about as frequently as dandelions in a suburban lawn. Now there are three more, bringing the total up to fourteen or fifteen. One of the new versions is of distinct interest, combining more than adequate musicianship with the tone of one of the north European classic organs. Telefunken (LGM 65030; 1-10″ LP) went to the island part of Denmark to record a Bach program played by Anton Nowakowski. In Sorö, about seventy-five miles from Copenhagen, is a monastery church with an organ that is part antique and part quite modern, an organ with the healthy reedy bite that seems to be typical of Scandinavia. Nowakowski's program includes, in addition to the Passacaglia, the "Little" E minor Prelude and Fugue, and the G major Fantasia. This ten-inch record would be a good starting point for a collector who has a good speaker system and a sparse representation of organ music.

The other Passacaglia is that of Gaston Litaize, played as part of a program of Bach organ works on a London Ducretet-Thomson record (DTL 93037. 1-12″ LP). The performance is somewhat at variance with the accepted concept of how Bach should be played, particularly in regard to dynamics. It is not without reason that volume changes in classic organ music are traditionally made in steps, since the instruments of the period were not enclosed in boxes with shutters. The swooping volume-control style of increase or decrease in loudness thus strikes one as out of place in seventeenth- and eighteenth-century music. Litaize's performance sounds as if he opens and closes shutters, rather than bringing in or cutting out ranks of pipes; the technique is more suited to French organ music of a later period.

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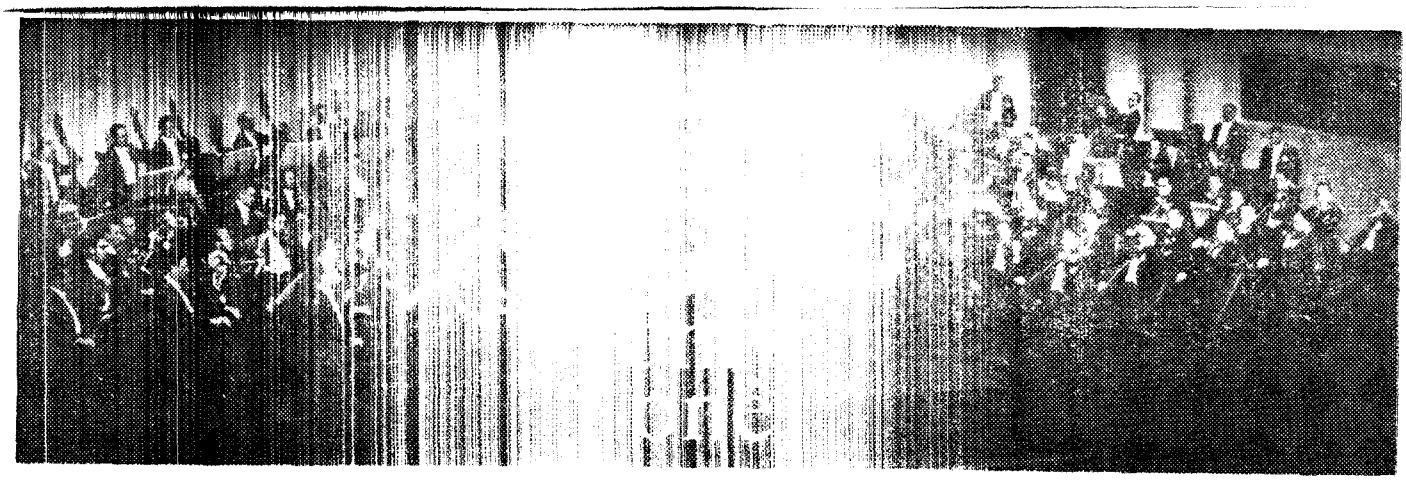

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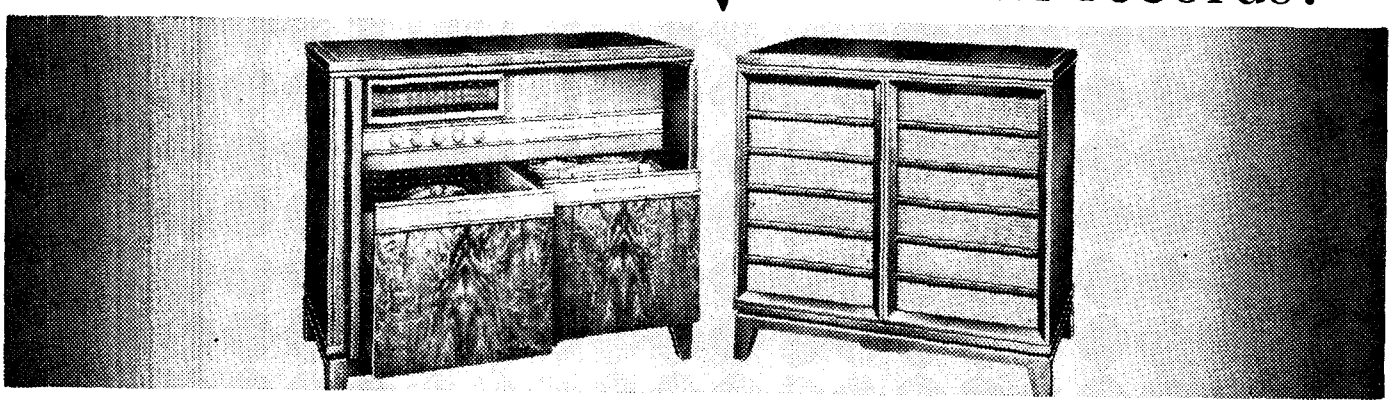

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BUSONI AND "ARLECCHINO"

By FRED GRUNFELD

ALTHOUGH he was born in Italy and always held the land in his deepest affections, Ferruccio Busoni chose lifelong exile in the North, where the arts were astir in the restless dawn of the twentieth century (and where pianists could earn as much as tenors). Making his headquarters in Berlin, he flourished as a virtuoso of almost legendary powers, an artist whose technique was balanced by a prodigious grasp of history and theory. For many years Busoni had hopes of reasserting his birthright by writing "an Italian national opera which would become my life's major work," but nothing came of this cherished project beyond a few tentative discussions with Gabriele d'Annunzio.

"Arlecchino," which appeared as an afterthought in 1917, is Italian only in setting and inspiration; the libretto is in German—Busoni wrote it himself—and both text and music seem more austere than impassioned, more reserved than romantic. Only the sun that warms the opera shines in Italian. The public, expecting operas to display some clear-cut allegiance, scarcely knew what to make of this hybrid. Even today, hearing "Arlecchino" in the band-box Glyndebourne Festival production (Victor LM 1944), the question arises whether it gains or suffers from its dual heritage, and whether ambiguity of style is quite the virtue that Busoni, a confirmed cosmopolite, wanted it to be. How well did he succeed in reconciling the temperaments of North and South? Certainly not as well as Mozart, to whom he looked for guidance on this problem.

His solution, however, can do no less than fascinate. For connoisseurs "Arlecchino" definitely remains an opera to be discovered. Here, amid buffoonery and pointed jest, Busoni parades a dazzling series of allusions to operas that went before—a quicksilver reference to Bellini; a quick, jabbing injection of Mozart; a hint at Pergolesi; an ironic comment on Verdi; a subtle undertone of Wagner—all tightly bound together by the composer's distinctive sense of what is whimsical and acerb in music. Technically its "modernism" has never been superseded; no opera since then is more pungently spiced with the sweet-and-sour sauce of dissonance.

Perhaps it is necessary, as Bernard van Dieren insisted, that the public must "learn Busoni," as one learns a new language, to understand his work. In "Arlecchino" at least, his thought and message emerges between the lines: in the course of wooing away the wife of a nearsighted old tailor, Arlecchino celebrates the triumph of the free spirit over the narrowness and inertia of *status quo*. Having invented a private invasion and provoked a duel with wooden swords, he mocks war with the question "Who conquers? Who falls? And who in the end is right?" Busoni, who spent the war years on neutral ground and refused to take sides in the conflict, had his own answer to the problem. The conqueror is the man "who first struggles with himself," and the nation that prevails is the one that "sacrifices and works toward a better order in its own house." It was Busoni's way to make his protest in a comedy. "Humor is the blossom on the tree of profundity" he once aphorized when someone asked if he were not too serious a man for comic opera.

A more "realistic" approach would hardly have occurred to him, for verismo had always gone against his grain. The purpose of Theatre, he felt, was to offer "a contrast to life—to present those things that life does not contain." The Glyndebourne production staged by Peter Ebert follows Busoni's counsel by keeping matters happily stylized and artificial. John Pritchard avoids anything that smacks of hyperbole, holding tempi in check and the tongue in cheek. (Mitropoulos, when he gave the work in concert form with the Philharmonic in 1951, poured far more fire into the score, if to less avail.)

A carnival atmosphere prevails among the singers, for whom this is more a test of character-building than vocal prowess. Kurt Gester, a German singer, endows the spoken role of Arlecchino with as much gusto as the part permits—though Busoni's decision to give his hero no music to sing is surely the opera's principal weakness, for the total amount of music is hardly enough to sustain so much stage business. Ian Wallace is suitably bumbly as the old tailor, first cousin to Pantaloon of the *commedia dell'arte;* Geraint Evans and Fritz Ollendorff radiate measured dignity in the stock buffo roles of the Abbate and the Dottore; the American soprano Elaine Malbin is a saucy and vocally attractive wench as Colombina, and Murray Dickie sounds like an eighteenth-century Bertie Wooster as her courtier, the love-struck knight Leandro. When these last four launch into their startling final quartet, they unfold a tour-de-force that belongs among the most intricate pieces of ensemble writing in all of opera. And the engineers have done it justice.

"ARLECCHINO'S" fine-grained orchestral texture will surprise those who expect "pianists' music" to be scored as muddily as some of Liszt's tone poems or, worse yet, d'Albert's turgid "Tiefland." Busoni, who conducted a great deal, knew how to make a whisper do for a windstorm, and how to suggest *multum in parvo*: it was his main criticism of Richard Strauss that he had not "mastered the art of the incomplete." The rub in this case is not that Busoni, whom the world remembers now only as a piano virtuoso, should have written some of this century's most refined and elegant music, but that his major works—notably "Doktor Faust"—continue to be ignored even in this age of the bountiful LP. I can think of no really good reason, unless the fault lies in his extraordinary versatility—he wrote like a philosopher on esthetics, edited Bach and Liszt like a scholar, experimented in sound like a scientist, played the piano like a super-pianist. Perhaps he should have taken Bernard Shaw's advice: "You should compose under an assumed name. It is incredible that one man can do more than one thing well. [The world thinks that] there is not room enough in a single life for more than one supreme excellence."

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THE AMEN CORNER

The Chef Suggests the Mixed Grill

THAT easy rocking motion I have enjoyed so much, from jazz outfits which were neither in a hurry nor too slow, is to be heard this month from the band of a fine man named Cy Touff. He is a former operator on the C-Melody sax, xylophone and trumpet (as he explains it, "My mother was a fiend for auction sales") but in recent years, with the Woody Herman band, he has settled down to the bass trumpet. This instrument looks as though an ordinary trumpet had suddenly begun to swell rather violently. It sounds like a crisper valve trombone, and Touff plays it with grace and punch. He has surrounded himself with a small, goodly company including Richie Kamuca, tenor saxophone; Harry Edison, trumpet; Pete Jolly and Russ Freeman, pianists; and they offer just about as relaxed and ingratiating middle-tempo jazz as one could wish (Pacific Jazz 1211). They also turn off some rousing stomps. The tradition is Count Basie; the conception is refined; the mood is warm. Richie Kamuca is elsewhere to be found as a member of a tenor saxophone trio, with Al Cohn and Bill Perkins, presenting a modern program which includes a plethora of expert tenor work, both solo and ensemble. The total effect, however, strikes me as a little too softly genteel, lacking in edge. The light, crystalline piano of Hank Jones is delicious (RCA-Victor LPM-1162).

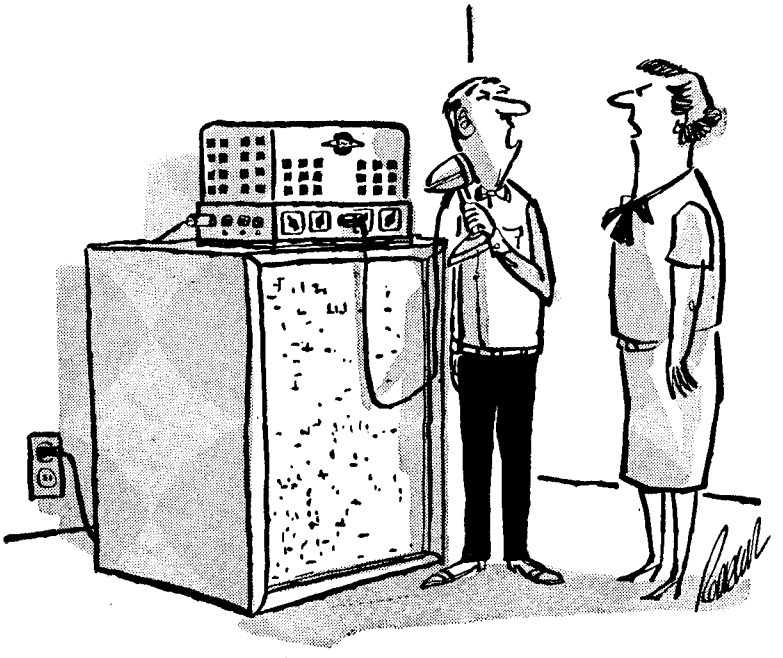
Underneath my interest in fastidious modern jazz experiment is an abiding letch for tough, heated jazz playing. Some of the modern boys feel abandoned enough to provide it. Among them are the twenty-four-year-old youngster Jackie McLean and Donald Byrd. They are disciples, respectively, of saxophonist Charlie Parker and trumpeter Miles Davis. In other words, McLean and Byrd are what might be called second generation modern jazz men, and they are an ornament to the New York nightfall. Their music is at once considered lusty, self-conscious and steaming. There is more than a hint of pagan rites. One of my fondest memories in traditional jazz is of a party in Cambridge, Mass., years ago, where an Italian cornetist stood on a chair and a plate of ham and eggs was to be seen sailing over the dancers' heads. If that sort of thing is to be revived in the modern context, I would gladly vote McLean and Byrd onto the bandstand. Even their more meditative music has blood and sinew. They may be heard this month in two high pressure quintets: their own (Ad Lib ADL-6601) and George Wallington's (Progressive PLP-1001).

The superb quartet of baritone saxophonist Gerry Mulligan needs no introduction at this point, but whereas he has usually been joined by trumpet and rhythm, he played his famous Paris concert in June 1954, with valve trombonist Bob Brookmeyer in place of a trumpet. The recorded results (Pacific Jazz PJ-1210) show a flashing rapport between the two, with the backing of bassist Red Mitchell and drummer Frank Isola. The gaiety of this polyphony is hard to beat. A new LP called "Conception" (Prestige LP 7013) offers a changing cast of modern jazz leaders in various exercises, many of them freed from the regular beat. Alto saxophonist Lee Konitz is heard with trumpeter Miles Davis, and in duet with guitarist Billy Bauer. Miles Davis appears with tenor saxophonist Sonny Rollins. Gerry Mulligan plays with tenor saxophonist Zoot Sims. And tenor saxophonist Stan Getz, backed by excellent rhythm, rocks the joint in ultra-delicate fashion. Most of the playing has the atmosphere of learned laboratory work; it will appeal chiefly to experienced modern jazz listeners.

Trumpeter Joe Newman of Count Basie's band, a sly and lovely man with the mute, is fast becoming one of the most prolific recorders of the period. This month I have him in two settings. "New Sounds in Swing" (Jazztone J-1217) is a collection of originals and arrangements by the flexible trombonist Billy Byers, and the brass team is supported by a highly Parkeresque saxophonist, Gene Quill; Lou Stein, piano; Milt Hinton, bass; and Osie Johnson, drums. This is in large part light-hearted, very busy music, full of complex lines, but it seems to me to lack urgency, to be a kind of happy filigree with little solid substance. The second Joe Newman item is a Basiesque swing program by a small band including several of the present Basie sideman. The playing has the easy Basie ride and is thoroughly pleasurable save for some heavy-handed drumming by Wilson.

THE revival market yields some classics which should be on any reasonably extensive shelf. From the swing period there is the Kansas City Six, with tenor saxophonist Lester Young in a number of his delicate and infrequent clarinet performances—with the great original Basie rhythm section (Jazztone J-1218) . . . From the environs of Eddie Condon comes a set of 1938 and 1940 gems with some of the finest work of, among others, tenor saxophonist Bud Freeman, trombonist George Brunies, and pianist Fats Waller (Jazztone J-1216). And the old New Orleans persuasion is represented by still another swatch of the late Bunk Johnson, including "Blue Bells Goodbye" and two versions of "Sobbin' Blues," and by George Lewis's savory New Orleans Band with Elmer Talbert on the trumpet (Jazztone J-1212).

—WILDER HOBSON.



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Recordings in Review

Oistrakh and Stern

VIVALDI: *Concerto in A minor. David Oistrakh and Isaac Stern, violins with the Philadelphia Orchestra conducted by Eugene Ormandy.* BACH: *Concerto in A minor, No. 1. Stern, with the same. Concerto in E, No. 2, Oistrakh, with the same.* Columbia ML 5087, $3.98.

IT WAS JOSEPH SZIGETI who noted in his autobiography that orchestral strings tend to sound better on almost all occasions when the soloist of a program is a violinist. Whether that stimulus could be said to apply to such a great orchestra as the Philadelphia is difficult to accept; but certainly there is a surpassing amount of fine string playing on this disc, not all of it done by the two fine virtuosi. Nor should it be forgotten that conductor Ormandy was something of a violinist himself, and was undoubtedly stimulated by the circumstances.

So far as personal preference is concerned, I would rather have had the Bach "double" than this Vivaldi as the subject matter for the dual discourse. Not only is it a decidedly superior musical work, it is also a more familiar one, in which the interaction of the two artists would be more discernible. I do not hesitate to confess that I sometimes have difficulty in determining which of the two performers is being heard at a given moment. Also the work (an arrangement of Opus 3, No. 8, thus one of the "Estro Armonico" set) though of solid musical worth, is a shade bland for revelation of the best capacities of such performers as these.

—Gyenes-Madrid.

Rubio—"emotional communication."

The two solo concerti are also splendidly played, with an interesting difference of the emphasis applied by the two performers. Oistrakh's version of the E major is one of the best we have had: comparable, certainly, to the old Huberman in every musical respect, and far better-sounding violin-playing, with a breadth of attack distinctly Oistrakh's own. The Stern version of the A minor is close to the same choice area of mastery, with rather more refinement of phraseology and nuance than we have formerly had from him. It is all to the good, for his playing never has, nor does it now, lack vigor. In both instances, as intimated above, the background is like a rich velvet cushion on which a fine gem is displayed to best advantage. And whether Tiffany or Cartier, Ormandy does a lapidarian's job with the accompaniments.

New Voices from Spain

TORROBA: *"The Song of Spain." Consuelo Rubio, soprano, with orchestra conducted by the composer.* Decca DL 9817, $3.98.

FOR THOSE with an interest in the regional music of Spain and/or a new voice from that country, this disc has more than passing interest. The fourteen works included in it are each based on a folk-song from a different province or region of Spain, in a treatment sometimes suggestive of Cantaloube's "Chants d'Auvergne," sometimes the "Iberia" of Albéniz (in the Arbós orchestrations), sometimes the "Seven Popular Songs" of Falla. Unfortunately, the annotations are confined to texts which are, themselves, not always accurate. As much as one can learn of exact locality is derived from such titles as "Jota Castellana" or "Bolero de Valdemosa" or those in which the Basque dialect is used.

As between the two voices presented on this disc, the more interesting clearly belongs to the creator Torrõba. Even the most recent edition of "Grove's Dictionary" fails to identify him as to age or background, but he is clearly a musician of fine taste and artistic discrimination. Some of the backgrounds are delightfully conceived, and if there is a deviation here or there from top quality, the prevailing standard is high. The probability is that we have not heard the last of this inviting series of songs.

Miss Rubio, however, is another matter. Identified as a Conservatory graduate in 1948, a Geneva "Concours" winner in 1953, she offers a broad soprano voice of rather worn quality. She has, clearly, a gift for emotional communication, but the management of the voice leaves a good deal wanting in clean articulation of the vocal line and the texts. The recording, per se, is among the best we have had from Spain.

Bach by Van Beinum

BACH: *Suites in C major and B minor. Eduard van Beinum conducting the Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam, with Hubert Barwahser, flute.* Epic LC-3194, $3.98.

IF THIS IS the beginning of a complete treatment of the Bach suites, so much the better. In this time of manifold duplications, one shrinks from endorsing another go-round in so familiar an area, but the fact remains that there is still something to be said on this subject. Especially when the statement of it is so well-communicated as it is here by the Philips's engineers.

Van Beinum's Bach, like van Beinum's everything else, is less van Beinum than it is Bach, or Bruckner, or Haydn, or Mozart, or whatever. That is to say, it is not an instance of a "genius-type" musical personality trying to bend a composer to his own likeness, but rather a thoroughly competent, highly sensitive musician putting all his faculties at the command of a musical work he respects.

Both suites are set forth with energy, concentration on musical values, and a strong sense of rhythmic momentum. I find the second Suite in B minor more attractive not only because it is a livelier musical conception, but also because the solo flute part gives it a character and aural appeal unlike anything else in music. As in other recordings associated with his name, Barwahser is a soloist of fine taste and complete command of his instrument. A little more sparkle in the sound would not have been amiss, but this is, after all, Amsterdam, not New Amsterdam.

"Creation," of a Sort

HAYDN: *"The Creation." Teresa Stich-Randall, soprano, Anton Dermota, tenor, Anny Felbermayer, soprano, Paul Schoeffler, bass-baritone, and Frederick Guthrie, bass, with Mogens Wöldike conducting the chorus and orchestra of the Vienna State Opera.* Vanguard VRS 471-2, $9.96.

THERE IS VERY little about this undertaking that is not good, but there is, also, very little about it that is more than just "good." Our own live ex-

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perience with this work or its counterpart ("The Seasons") having been mostly just that, one had hoped that something employing as many able artists as are noted here would offer more of a revelation.

The shortcoming, it seems to me, stems largely from the conductor Mogens Wöldike. It is all orderly, well-phrased in the academic sense, and sometimes a background for one of the great airs ("Rollend in Schäumenden Wellen," "Nun beut' die Flur," or "Mit würd und Hoheit ungetan") has an affecting touch; but it rarely moves into the area of real re-creation. And even the "Creation" needs, musically, to be recreated.

Stich-Randall is, perhaps, the evenest of the soloists, putting one well-placed note after another in a chain that is pleasant to the ear. However, "With verdure clad" (to give the great expression its English title) does not come off quite, as the singer has to tread gingerly in the range of its special difficulties. Dermota sings intelligently, though not with the conviction that Schiøtz brought to his "Mit wurd und Hoheit" (in which the same Wöldike was the conductor), Guthrie (Raphael) is an imposing bass singer, as Schoeffler is for the music of Adam. Anny Felbermayer applies her light voice admirably to the music of Eve. Vanguard has given the recording problems its usual careful consideration, and they have been uniformly well-handled. There is, however, not much that can be done, mechanically, where the limitations of artistic treatment are as they are here.

CARUSO CONTENTS: "Celeste Aida" ("Aida," Verdi), "Brindisi," with Gluck ("La Traviata"), "Di quella pira" ("Il Trovatore"), "Ai nostri monti," with Homer ("Il Trovatore"), "Solenne in quest' ora," with Scotti ("La Forza del Destino"), "Questa o quella" ("Rigoletto"), "La donna è mobile" ("Rigoletto"), Quartet: "Bella figlia dell' amore," with Galli-Curci, Perini, de Luca ("Rigoletto"), "Ah! la paterna mano" ("Macbeth"), "Si pel ciel," with Ruffo ("Otello"), Trio: "Qual voluttà trascorrere," with Alda, Journet ("I Lombardi"); "Una furtiva lagrima" ("L'Elisir d' Amore," Donizetti), "Venti scudi," with de Luca ("L'Elisir d' Amore"), "Deserto in terra" ("Don Sebastiano"), Sextette: "Chi mi frena in tal momento?" with Galli-Curci, Egener, de Luca, Journet, Bada ("Lucia di Lammermoor"); "Donna non vidi mai" ("Manon Lescaut," Puccini), "Che gelida manina" ("La Bohème"), "O soave fanciulla," with Farrar ("La Bohème"), "Recondita armonia" ("Tosca"), "Ve lo dissi?" with Scotti ("Madama Butterfly"); "Amor ti vieta" ("Fedora," Giordano); "Cielo e mar" ("La Gioconda," Ponchielli); "Vesti la giubba" ("I Pagliacci," Leoncavallo); "Air de la fleur" ("Carmen," Bizet); "Ah! fuyez, douce image" ("Manon," Massenet); "O Paradiso!" ("L'Africana," Meyerbeer), "O Souverain, O Juge," ("Le Cid," Massenet); "Rachel! Quand du Seigneur la grâce tutélaire" ("La Juive," Halevy); "M'appari" ("Martha," Flotow), Quartet: "Dormi pur," with Alda, Jacoby, Journet ("Martha"); "Ombra mai fu" ("Xerxes," Handel); "Les deux sérènades," with Mischa Elman (Leoncavallo); "Bois épais" ("Amadis," Lully); "Fenesta che lucive" (anon.); "Vaghissima sembianza" (Donaudy); "Noche feliz" (Posadas); "La Partida" (Alvarez); "A la luz de la luna," with de Gorgoza (Michelena); "O sole mio" (di Capua); "Vieni sul mar!" (anon.); "Luna fedel" (Denza); "Over There" (Cohan); "La Campana di San Giusto" (Arona); "Sei morta nella vita mia" (Costa); "Luna d'estate" (Tosti); "Crucifixus" ("Messe Solennelle," Rossini).

Inexhaustible Caruso

VERDI: *"Celeste Aida," and forty-five other selections. Enrico Caruso, tenor.* RCA Victor LM-6127, $19.95.

CONSIDERING ALL the mileage the Victor Company, in its various manifestations, has gotten from its file of Caruso masters, it would not seem possible, thirty-six years after his death, to produce an anthology offering more still. But, save one was a Caruso specialist, it is not likely that one would have available (certainly not on LP) more than a fragmentary part of this collection, and in no case would it be in a mechanical form providing as advantageous listening as in most instances here.

Given the will, one could work one's way through the six sides in less than three hours. For those who never had the experience (myself included) it gives the listener some small idea of what it must have been like to spend an evening in the presence of this exceptional artist. To be sure, there are fine tenor voices in the world today, one or two perhaps of comparable beauty in a given range of performance, if lacking his versatility and physical vigor. But where is one to find such a heart as he poured into his art? As in the case of McCormack, the unique fusion of art and personality produced something that—like a Toscanini—only happens once.

The appended list provides a detailed resumé of the contents, about which there will be inevitable demurs and dissents. To me, the range of accomplishment is from fine to superfine to exceptional, though the selections span the total history of his recording career in this country. Needless to say, there is evident the gradual thickening of a voice that began as a bright lyric thread and ended with much more of a dark baritonal quality. But I have some doubt that all the excerpts represent the sound as it was actually waxed: that is to say, that deviations of speed creep in to lower the original pitch and thus suggest a darker sound than was factual at the time. I refer particularly to the "Che gelida manina" of 1906, which is rather slow in tempo (suggesting that it was not properly processed). Also, it is climaxed by a B, though it is doubtful that Caruso would have been transposing at this point of his career. Finally, the following "O Soave fanciulla" (with Farrar) of six years later is decidedly lighter, brighter in vocal sound. There are others which induce skepticism along similar lines.

—*Culver.*

Caruso—"unique fusion of art, personality."

In addition to a liberal sampling of the operatic literature, the compilers (credit is divided among George Marek, Francis Robinson, Addison Foster, and John Secrist, with no final assignment of responsibility) have been wise in including two sides of song literature ranging from Leoncavallo's "Les Deux Sérénades" to Denza's "Luna Fedel," not forgetting the inevitable "O Sole mio." Among these, the most arousing is a martial version of "Over There" (in phonetic English and somewhat purer French), done in the heat (both ways) of July 1918 and showing what an artist of conviction can bring to music whose charms have long since seemed faded.

In addition to providing a handsome housing for the discs, RCA has had the wisdom to invite a prefatory essay from Francis Robinson, who has become perhaps our leading custodian of Caruso memorabilia and lore. His piece is excellently to the point regarding the amount of labor expended by the young Caruso on a voice not considered exceptional in his student days. As Robinson properly sums it up: "Too much has been written of Caruso's gifts and not enough about his accomplishments." The photographic material from Robinson's collection is also first class, especially an informal study, seated in the park with a book on his knees, that tells more about the man than anything, perhaps, but his singing. Finally, a word of congratulations to the RCA "enhancers" who have done brilliantly in ridding the grooves of some of their most irritating noises. —I. K.

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Recordings Reports I: Orchestral LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Bach, J. C. Sinfonia in B flat. Haydn: Divertimento in G, etc. Mogens Wöldike conducting the Danish State Radio Chamber Orchestra. London LL—1308, $3.98.	A charming collection of works, especially the appealing Sinfonia, which has not been adequately represented on discs since the Mengelberg performance of the early 1930s. In addition to the agreeable Haydn work, Wöldike gives typically sensitive service to an early Mozart symphony (No. 14 in A) and a Dittersdorf one in C. The sound profits from the excellently resonant studio in which the recording was made.
Beethoven: Concerto in D. Artur Balsam, piano, with the Winterthur Orchestra directed by Clemens Dahinden. Concert Hall Society 1239, $4.98.	Balsam plays this transcription by the composer (of naturally, the famous violin concerto) with sense and musicianship, also more than occasional subtlety. However, it is almost impossible for one oriented to the original to accept the transcription. The orchestra background is not of the quality we are accustomed to hearing in Beethoven concerti, the reproduction quite good.
Brahms: Hungarian Dances. Mario Rossi conducting the Vienna State Opera Orchestra. Vanguard VRS-473, $4.98.	A worthy presentation by Rossi of the twenty-one dances, arranged in part by Brahms (1, 3 and 10), Albert Parlow (5, 6, 11-16), Dvořák (17-21), Andreas Hallen (2, 7) and for this recording by Robert Schollum, 4, 8 and 9. The overall impression is of a reasonably similar totality, especially as Rossi has a strong sense of the rhythmic and melodic essence in the music. Excellent reproduction.
Debussy: "La Mer" and "Nocturnes." Boston Symphony Orchestra, Pierre Monteux conducting. RCA Victor LM 1939, $3.98.	Two performances with Monteux's own kind of excellence, which is to say, methodically musical, logically sensitive, and temperamentally well-controlled. It is all thoughtful and appealing, if never quite overwhelming as, for example, "La Mer" can be. Fine orchestral performances, very well reproduced. The well-sounding Berkshire Festival Choir (in "Sirènes") was prepared under the direction of Iva Dee Hiatt, of Smith College.
Gershwin: "Second Rhapsody," "Cuban Overture," "Variations on I Got Rhythm," and three Preludes. Sondra Bianca, piano, with the Pro Musica Symphony of Hamburg conducted by Hans Jurgen Walther. M-G-M E-3307, $3.98.	It is pleasant of the Hamburgers to be so devoted to the music of Gershwin, but the kind of sympathy expended here, when applied to the music of Johann Strauss, for example, would make a Viennese groan. The rhythmic patterns are only approximately respected, the whole sense of the writing misemphasized. Miss Bianca, American though she is, does not counterbalance this tendency too well. The "Preludes" for piano alone are rather better played. The sound is fairly good, though not ideally balanced.
Haieff: Concerto for Piano. Sondra Bianca, piano, with orchestra conducted by Hans-Jurgen Walther. M-G-M E-3243, $3.98.	The aforementioned Miss Bianca makes a better impression in this lively, well-written work. She seems to respond more spontaneously to Haieff's idiom, though I am not convinced that all the "wrong" notes heard are the' 'right" ones written by Haieff. Overside the able Leo Smit plays Haieff's "Five Pieces for Piano" and "Four Juke Box Pieces" with a superior sense of continuity and a likeable piano sound. The works are uneven, the devotion to abrupt rhythmic figurations of a Stravinskian nature rather overdone, to my taste. Good sound.
Haydn: Symphonies Nos. 88 and 104. George Szell conducting the Cleveland Orchestra. Columbia LC-3196, $3.98.	Both works are turned out with precision and efficiency by Szell, also with a definite concept of a "Haydn style." However the precision tends to the mechanized, the "style" more concerned with externals of accent and dynamics than the inner life of the music. No. 104, on the whole, fares better than No. 88, but it does not have the appeal, for me, of the Beecham version. Furthermore, No. 104 is legitimately dubbed "London," but whoever titled No. 88 "Paris" (for sake of the type layout) should stand in the corner. Genuine nicknames are bad enough; invented ones ridiculous. Haydn can well do without this Madison Avenue scholarship.
Martin: Concerto for Violin and Orchestra. Wolfgang Schneiderhan, violin, with L'Orchestre de la Suisse Romande conducted by Ernest Ansermet. London LD-9213, $2.98.	The Martin concerto is a work of substance and fine design, which deserves a better fate than the silence in which it has been enveloped since Joseph Szigeti introduced it to America at a Philharmonic-Symphony concert several years ago. Schneiderhan's penetration to the musical essence, with the excellent collaboration of Ansermet, makes a strong case for Martin's musical personality, tinged though it is with Stravinskian rhythmic quirks. The recording does much to clarify the solo-ensemble relationship.
Massenet: "Scènes Pittoresques," "Scènes Alsaciennes." Albert Wolff conducting the Conservatoire Orchestra. London LL-1298, $3.98.	If it seems incongruous that Wolff should be a Massenet specialist, it should be recalled that the gentleman in question passed through the Conservatoire while Massenet was its principal composition teacher. In any case, he does especially well by Massenet's sometimes oversweet melodic writing which, in this treatment, attains full expression with exaggeration. He also manages the orchestral colorations with finesse and an adroit sense of balance. For those to whom Massenet is a congenial composer, this record is a must. First class reproduction.
Mozart: Concerto in B flat (K.595). Wilhelm Backhaus, piano, with the Vienna Philharmonic directed by Karl Böhm. London LL-1282, $3.98.	Backhaus is an interesting rather than a wholly satisfying Mozart player, for there is a degree of weight and force in his execution which gets in the way of the composer's mercurial flow of thought in the faster movements. However, his skill in integrating the piano with the orchestral texture is a study in itself, especially as the reproduction is purity personified. Overside he applies his thoughtful fingers to the A major (K. 331) in which the variations are especially well played.
Rimsky-Korsakoff: "Scheherazade." William Steinberg conducting the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra. Capitol P-8305, $3.98.	As well as propounding the instrumental colors with the vividness possible through proper engineering, this version of "Scheherazade" gives full value to the music in Rimsky's score, something not invariably true in hifi versions. Excellent response from all the personnel, including the concert master who, by a rather shocking oversight, is not identified either in the notes or on the label.
Tchaikovsky: Symphony No. 5. Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra. Columbia ML-5075, $3.98.	Among the many (twenty-two) other versions of this work now in the LP catalogue, this one hardly penetrates to the top category, let alone to a place of prominence in that category. It is marred by angularities of phrasing, unsteadiness of rhythm and murkiness of orchestral tone. James Chambers (presumably: he is not mentioned by name) plays the horn solo admirably. The engineers have done well with what is offered to them. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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Recordings Reports II: Miscellaneous LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Beethoven: Sonatas opus 57 and 111. Julius Katchen, piano, London LL 1233, $3.98.	Two taxing tasks for any pianist, and no less for Katchen because he tends to understatement. This "Appassionata" is perhaps the quietest on record, the slow movement being especially well played. However, there is a degree of breadth and drama wanted in both works that the pianist does not provide. In many ways, however, the musicianship displayed and the pianistic command are impressive. Both works are notably well reproduced.
Dvořák: "Moravian Duets." Elisabeth Schwarzkopf and Irmgard Seefried, sopranos, with Gerald Moore, piano. Angel 35290, $4.98.	Despite the name values involved, this disc strikes me as less than absorbing: first, for the secondary quality of the music (duets of Monteverdi and Carissimi as well as Dvořák) second, for the lack of real distinction in the performances. All the notes are cleanly, truly sung, but there is not enough variety in the sound of the two singers, nor a real vital force in the conceptions of the works.
Garbizu: "Etxe Txuri," Esnaola: "Artzai Txirula," etc. The Maitea Choir of San Sebastian, directed by Maria Teresa Hernandez Usobiaga. Decca DL 9808, $3.98.	A beguiling collection of choral singing from the Basque Provinces, in which interest is evenly divided between the beautiful material and its superb delivery by the choir of female voices. In addition to the composers identified at the left, the repertory is credited to Almandoz, J. de Olaizola, Iruarrízaga, and sundry others. It is uniformly suitable, through interesting melodies and unusual part-writing, for choral use. Finally, the image of disembodied voices, resounding through vaulted spaces, is beautifully conveyed by the recording.
Massenet: "Il est bon," ("Hérodiade"), Ponchielli: "Suicidio" ("Gioconda"), etc. Maria Jeritza, soprano. Camden CAL 275, $1.98.	A full dozen of reissues from Jeritza's catalogue, including the familiar specialities—"Carmen," "Tosca," "Thaïs," and "Cavalleria"—plus the less familiar "Divinités du Styx," ("Alceste") and "Adieu, Forêts" ("Jeanne d'Arc"). Each has its degree of theatrical interest, but no one is so well sung as to be wholly admirable in a musical way. The collection also includes examples of her Wagner repertory, including "Elsa's Traum" ("Lohengrin"), "Elisabeth's Prayer" ("Tannhäuser"), "War es so schmählich" ("Walküre") and "Traft ihr das Schiff" ("Fliegende Holländer"), in which personal traits predominate. Not much has been done to improve the original sound.
Rachmaninoff: Preludes (Fourteen). Robert Goldsand, piano. Concert Hall CHS 1249, $4.98.	Goldsand has made an astute selection of works from the total of twenty-four, including, as a matter of course, the C sharp minor (Op. 3, No. 2) and the G minor (Op. 23, No. 5). Added to them are those numbered Op. 23, Nos. 2, 3, 6, 7, and 9, and Op. 32, Nos. 1, 2, 5, 8, 10, 11 and 12. The player's sensitivities are well adjusted to Rachmaninoff's lyric moods: what is wanting is sufficient pianistic impact and tonal production for those climaxes which relieve the dynamic monotony. Good piano sound.
Rameau: "Premier Livre de Pièces de Clavecin," Suites 1 and 2. Marcelle Charbonnier, harpischord. Epic LC 3185, $3.98.	The first group of excerpts from the "Premier Livre" are not notably interesting, but the succeeding suites are full of uncommon ideas, typified by the familiar "Tambourin" of suite No. 1. Charbonnier is more of a precisionist than an invigorating interpreter, but there is a decided output of musical vitality in her performance. The unidentified instrument is well reproduced. For that matter, there are far too many generalizations about Rameau in the annotation, too little information on the specific works.
Reger: Quintet. Georges Coutelen, clarinet, with the Winterthur String Quartet. Concert Hall CHS 1244, $4.98.	As in too much of Reger, the intermittent charm in this music is offset by overintricate intellectual devices, wilful rather than meaningful modulations and a general unwillingness to let the solid substance of the music make its own impression. However, a variations movement and a "poco allegretto" finale are worth hearing. Good performance and reproduction.
Schubert: Sonata in B flat (1828), Ländler, Op. 171. Leon Fleisher, piano. Columbia ML 5061, $3.98.	All the ingredients—awareness of musical content, sense of style, pianistic control—for a satisfying performance are here, save one: the integration of them, through a mellowing process, into an expressive whole. Fleisher is still somewhat at arm's length from complete oneness with the material. Oddly, he comes decidedly closer to it in the Ländler, where the treatment is more spontaneous, less cautious and to that extent, of more vital interest to the listener. Very good sound, by the engineers, from the piano.
Serov: "Shrove Tuesday," etc. Boris Christoff, bass, with the Feodor Potorjinski Russian Choir. RCA Victor LM 1945, $3.98.	One of the eleven songs delivered with vocal warmth and strong communicative power by Christoff. Some are liturgical (Tchesnokov's "Lord, Have Mercy" and Gretchaninoff's "Litany"), some are arrangements of folk songs ("Song of the Lumberjacks," "The Bandore," "Down Piterskaya Street," which Stravinsky put to very good use in "Petrouchka," "Going Down the Volga," "The Lonely Autumn Night," and "The Song of the Twelve Robbers"). Excellent engineering adds to the attraction of the whole.
Smetana: "Bartered Bride" (Excerpts). Hilde Zadek, soprano, Hans Hopf, tenor, Otto Edelmann, bass, with the Vienna Symphony conducted by Wilhelm Loibner, Epic LC 3181, $3.98.	Enthusiasm runs high in this sequence of excerpts, sung in German, though neither Zadek nor Hopf has the quality of voice wanted. Hers is too broad and not sufficiently steady, his hard and also not well centered. Edelmann does well. The parts are identified as "Gern ja will ich," "Mit der Mutter," "Komm mein Söhnchen," "Endlich allein," "Mein lieber Schatz" and "Gesegnet, wer liebt" preceded and interspersed by orchestral performances of the overture, polka, furiant, and dance of the comedians. First class sound, especially notable for a real, rich bass.
Smetana: "Aus meinem Leben"; Glazounov: "Noveletten." Hollywood Quartet Capitol P 8331, $3.98.	Two of the best performances this group has put on records and a top contemporary standard in each instance. The Smetana is done with love and understanding, also with the technical equipment required to do the writing justice. The excellently-turned performances of the engaging Glazounoff pieces give them exactly what is wanted in accent and phrasing, while not overburdening them with "seriousness." Very well balanced sound throughout.
Verdi: "Ah si ben mio" and "Di quella pira" ("Trovatore"), "Ingemisco" ("Requiem"), "Di tu se fedele" ("Ballo in Maschera"); Giordano: "Un di all' azzuro spazio" ("Andrea Chenier"), etc. Richard Tucker, tenor, with orchestra conducted by Fausto Cleva. Columbia ML 5062, $3.98.	The abundance of excellent sound in these performances plus the consistently high level of musical endeavor leaves Tucker in a position to be challenged by few tenors of this time. Where he falls beneath the level of the best of them is in respect to expressiveness and conviction. It all tends to be too much the same: beautiful to be sure, but without the kind of individuality that marks the real operatic personality. Puccini, Mascagni, and Massenet are the other composers favored. Good orchestral support and excellent reproduction are favorable factors. —I. K.

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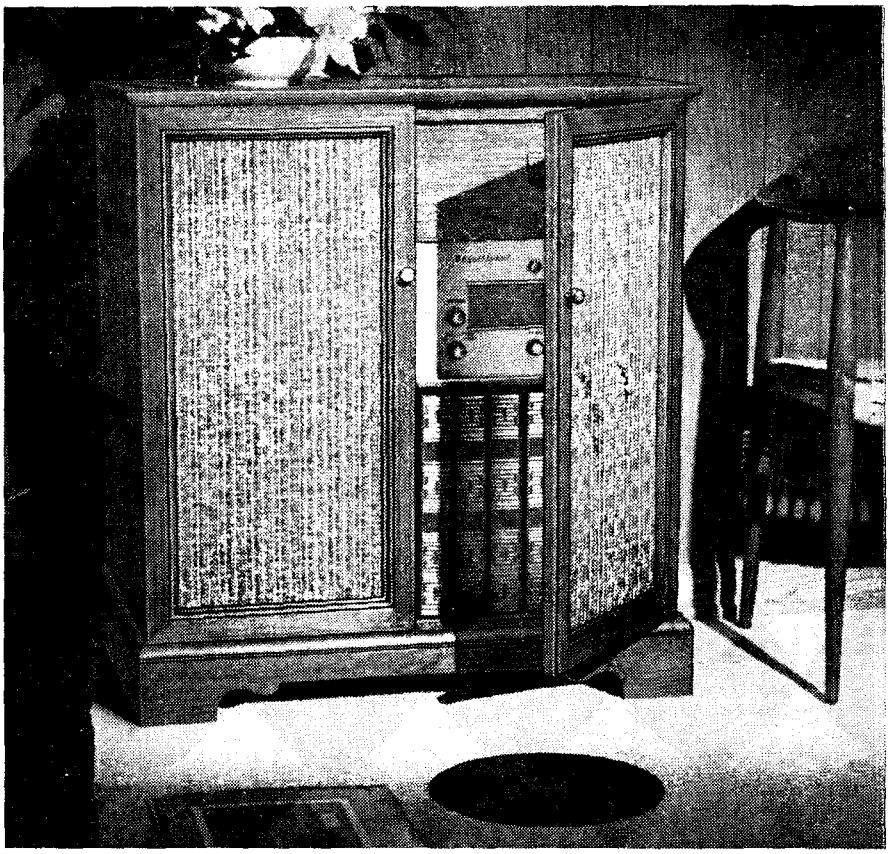
Debussy

Continued from page 39

ciation a little composition—one of many—by my little pianist, Bussy. This youth intends to become a composer and writes nice things, but they are all echoes of his professor, Massenet," Madame von Meck wrote Tchaikovsky as she dispatched to him Debussy's "Danse bohémienne." Tchaikovsky's prompt verdict was: "A very nice little thing, but altogether too short. Not a single thought is developed to the end, the form is bungled, and there is no unity." Debussy swallowed the pill, but saw to it that no other "nice little things" were sent to Tchaikovsky, for with at least one of these "little things" he abused his friends' confidence in him. Gambling on their ignorance of the true identity of the composers of "Ici bas tous les lilas meurent," a song written by the brothers Paul and Lucien Hillemacher after Sully Prudhomme's poem, Debussy not only coached Julia von Meck in singing it, but must have written it down as his own composition, for years later it was found among Alexander von Meck's collection of Debussy manuscripts and eventually was published posthumously under Debussy's name.

But in all his relations with the Mecks Debussy's honesty and sincerity were never doubted. They were devoted to *le bouillant Achille*, and this had a remarkable effect on his character and behavior. Although to Madame von Meck he was still only a Frenchman and a product of the Parisian boulevards, no one in her family thought he was awkward, or shy, or illiterate. On the contrary, they and their friends found him delightful, even witty, always in a good humor, always ready to help around the house, and they were more amused than impressed when, because of his friendship with one of the Russian tutors, who without any foundation claimed to be an aristocrat, young Achille also began to give himself airs. But the tutor soon was sent back to the university where he was a student, and Achille became "his old self again" to the great satisfaction of the whole family, the same *gamin* whose French pronunciation of Russian words was a source of endless merriment. Also, the Mecks liked Debussy's looks. At that time he wore his hair in waves brushed up from his forehead and, indeed, there was something in his face that resembled Anton Rubinstein. Tchaikovsky, after receiving his photograph, confirmed this impression and the Mecks echoed the "Master's" wish



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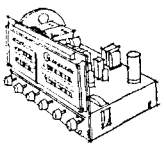

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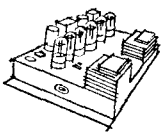

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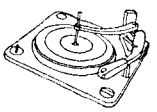

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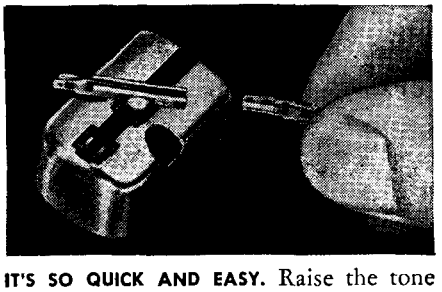

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that Debussy "might become as great a musician as the Czar of all pianists."

The three happiest months of his life flew by before Achille realized that he should be back at the Conservatory. He did not want to go and Madame von Meck wrote to Paris and asked for another two weeks leave for him. This gave him time to complete the trio on which he was working, in G major, in three movements: *Andantino con moto, allegro; Intermezzo,* and *Finale appassionata.* It was promptly performed by the "Trio de Madame von Meck" and although Massenet-ish was enthusiastically applauded.

But there was no time to make a copy to send to Tchaikovsky and on November 15, 1880, Madame von Meck wrote to him: "My little Frenchman has left, and it is very annoying that I can no longer hear your Piano Sonata and other charming compositions I adore, especially the F sharp minor Waltz which Debussy played very well. My trios are ended too. Imagine, the boy wept when he left! It truly touched me deeply; he has such a loving heart. He would not have gone at all, but the directors of the Conservatory were already annoyed because he had postponed his return."

With the coming of spring Achille's thoughts turned again to Madame von Meck and he wrote to Russia and asked if he could join her. Madame von Meck had already made her plans for the summer: she was going to spend it either on her estate in Brailov in the Ukraine, or in Moscow, and she had engaged a pianist, Pakhulsky's elder brother Henrich, but, as she said, she did not have the heart to refuse her little Bussyk. Early in July 1881 he arrived in Russia.

The Mecks were a large family but only where Nadejda von Meck presided was music all absorbing. However, whenever any doubts arose among the absent members of the Meck clan, sometimes hundreds of miles away, as to the merits of Tchaikovsky's music, Debussy and his pupil Alexander, score in hand, would be at once dispatched to prove Madame's points in the argument and to crush any dissension in the ranks. Thus Debussy had a chance to see more than just Moscow, but nothing could have surpassed his impressions when he was taken by the Mecks to Brailov, their three-million-rouble estate. Never before had Debussy seen or heard of such a place. Far away from the railroad, this "kingdom in itself," as some Russians called it, was lost among the gentle hills and dark oak forests of the Ukraine, offering its wealth to all known pleasures.

Debussy spent four months with the Mecks in Brailov and in Moscow and then, after a trip with them to Rome, returned to Paris at the end of November. He seems to have been perfectly happy to remain one of Madame von Meck's "animate objects," as she often described the people in her service, for in the summer of the following year he came again, this time to her new estate near Moscow. Although she did not then suspect anything, this last visit brought the dénouement.

In August 1882 Debussy arrived in Plescheyevo to find Madame von Meck in an unusual turmoil. She had been suffering from a cold and rheumatic pains in her right arm. She said she could hardly hold a pen and for her this must have been a real calamity. Her doctor advised a warmer climate, Italy or the South of France, and perhaps a consultation with specialists in Paris or Amsterdam. Alexander was also rheumatic and could not continue his studies in St. Petersburg, and she decided to go to Vienna for the winter, where he could enter the University and the two girls, Sonia and Ludmila, could continue their studies of languages and music as well as anywhere else. Since the Mecks moved about Russia and Europe with the ease of crossing the street, this otherwise not extraordinary turn of affairs was merely a nuisance to her, for it complicated and conflicted with her main preoccupation at the time: to arrange the future matrimonial ties of her adolescent children.

Madame von Meck, the archenemy of marriage, as she claimed, had learned from bitter experience that all her preaching was not heeded, "because nowadays it is society and not the parents who bring up the children." Although the three elder children had married "very well," Madame declared that from now on it would be she who would personally attend to the matchmaking, and as she was getting old there was not much time left, even if matchmaking for children in their early teens might seem a bit premature—something more Oriental than Russian.

Sonia was "the apple of her mother's eye" and the next in line in Madame's matrimonial projects. When Debussy first came to them in Switzerland in 1880 she was thirteen, a giddy and spoiled youngster. Speaking of her, her mother (in the manner of Leo Tolstoy) used French, although what she said would have sounded just as well in Russian: *"Sonia c'est l'enfant terrible de la famille, volontaire et emportée jusquà l'excès et il faut un grand savoir-faire pour réprimer."* At home in Russia Anatol Gally, Tchaikovsky's former pupil, a professor at the Moscow Conserva-

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tory, had succeeded with this task to her satisfaction. During Debussy's first summer with the Mecks it was up to his *savoir faire* to make his pupil behave.

A year later, at Brailov Sonia was going through a period when she studied poetry, wrote and recited verse, and wanted to die to the strains of Tchaikovsky's "Serbian March." Like Paolo and Francesca, Sonia and Achille read poetry together and her gentle dilettantism almost passed for the highest intellectual attainment. And now in 1882 at Plescheyevo Debussy was well aware of the rapid change in Sonia. She had grown into a lovely young lady—she looked twenty. had gained poise, knew when to speak and how much and when to listen. And if all this were not enough to show Debussy that his little pupil was ready any day to step into society and take her place in the world, he must have heard all the plans for her future—according to Russian law in one year she would be eligible for marriage. He certainly had heard that Xavier Gretener, the Swiss *doctor de juris*, the tutor at the Mecks when Debussy first met them, had fallen in love with Sonia and asked Madame for her hand. According to Madame von Meck herself he was a charming man, from a good family and very good looking, but . . . she had to let him go, as she would one of her drunken coachmen.

"I am not interested in just getting Sonia married—this she can manage without me," Madame von Meck used to say. "But I am concerned with the choice: it has to be the right one. Any man would choose Sonia—she is young, beautiful and, as women go, well educated, but most important she is an heiress. If I were willing to open my doors to her suitors, there would be so many of them I would not know how to get rid of them. I don't even want a man of Sonia's choice. I want the one whom I am going to appoint, and Sonia will like him."

Whether this dictum was uttered only in confidence or proclaimed as a manifesto, Debussy was biding his time: it was almost more important for the aspiring lover to get Madame to say "I do" than Sonia.

After Plescheyevo Debussy moved with them to Moscow, where they stayed for a month before they finally went to Austria. In Vienna they were busy helping Madame furnish her apartment and getting down to the schedule of lessons, concerts and opera. Just when and where the budding Don Juan and *La Dame aux camélias* met in their decisive hour has never been disclosed, but it must have been in Vienna when Madame von Meck began to call Debussy "her

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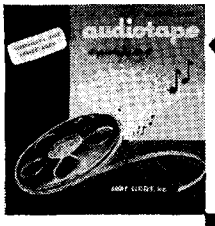

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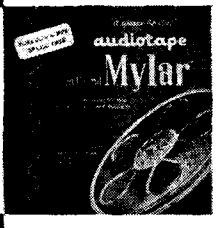

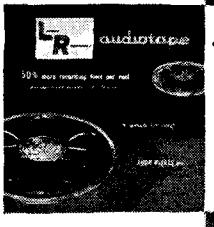

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dear little Bussyk" that he decided the time had come to tell *Maman* of his honorable intentions. The interview was short and to the point. Madame Nadejda von Meck had to let him go.

"Sonia has a new piano teacher, because Debussy went back to Paris," was all that she wrote about it to Tchaikovsky.

This thwarted love affair left the Mecks with sketches and unfinished manuscripts Debussy forgot in his hasty departure, and Debussy with a souvenir he kept to himself—the painful awakening into manhood.

And what happened to Sonia? A year later she married Alexei Rimsky-Korsakoff, a distant relative of the composer. Later she divorced him to marry Prince Golizin. But she was unhappy again and divorced him too. Barbara von Meck told me that in their family they used to tease Sonia about Debussy. Sonia blushed, but said nothing.

During the years following his departure from Vienna, Debussy appealed to Nadejda several times for financial help. She always responded generously. Then, when in 1885 Meck read a notice concerning Debussy, she wrote to Tchaikovsky: ". . . In the whole French nation I love only two men: Georges Bizet and Alphonse Daudet. Did you by any chance happen to read in *Figaro* that that little Frenchman, Achille Debussy, who spent several seasons with me, had received the Prix de Rome for his composition 'Enfant prodigue,' which they praise highly? This is not surprising. He is a talented youngster and while he was with me he had an opportunity to widen his musical knowledge and develop his taste through learning the works of composers from other lands. He knew how to make good use of it." This was the last time she ever mentioned Debussy's name in her correspondence with Tchaikovsky.

Seven years later Madame von Meck died and twenty-five years after her death Debussy went again to Russia—Serge Koussevitzky invited him for a concert in Moscow. Debussy was fêted by the Russian musicians and honored as the greatest French composer. During the short visit there he saw no one of Madame von Meck's children except Sonia. Neither Debussy nor Sonia disclosed what happened at this meeting, but I imagine that both of them realized how similar their situation was to that in the last scene in Tchaikovsky's opera "Eugene Onegin"—the Mecks' favorite opera—only with the fate of Tatiana and Onegin in reverse: it was Debussy who must have said, "I belong to someone else, and I will remain true."

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From Muzak to Muzhiks

By FREDERIC RAMSEY, JR.

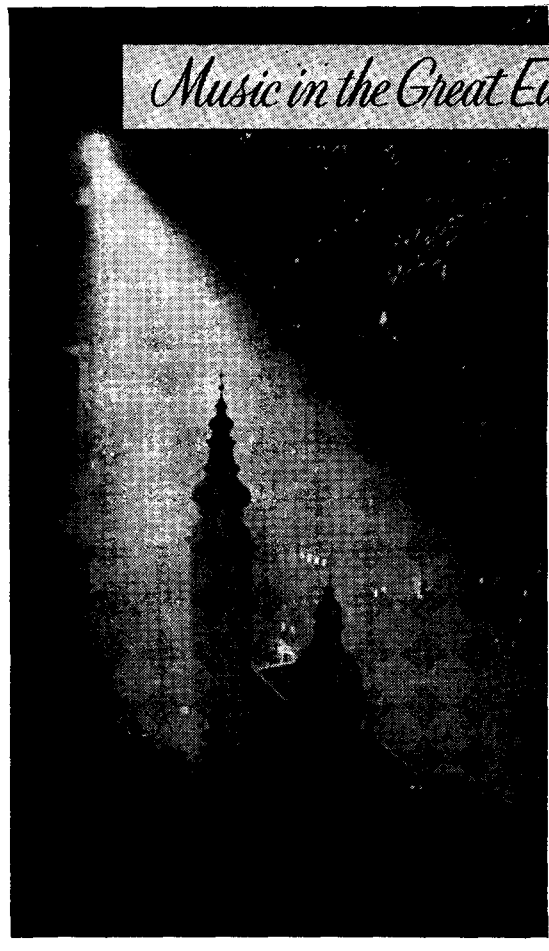
IF THERE is a good musical reason for having dubbed onto LP a pastiche of "Hits from Russia" (Colosseum RLP 176) and "Jazz and Pops" (RLP 171, also from Russia), it has escaped this writer. Some seekers after truth will be intrigued by the sleeve-pitch, which hints at "unprecedented glimpses of an aspect of Soviet musical culture." All prospective "marks" are hereby warned that what is "glimpsed" will be perceived through a stylus fuzzily; that the recordings, presumably made in "the late 1940s and early 1950s" are so tinny as to suggest an earlier vintage of microphones and cutting tables.

This might be tossed out as petty objection, as it is when Victor, Columbia, or Decca gives us something pretty special from its archaic grooves; but here we are being invited to sit down and *feinschmeck* etiolated servings of "pops" already overheated in our own repertory—such held-over-from-the-steam-table dishes as "Rose-Marie," "Woodpecker Song," "Tico-Tico," "When Yuba Plays the Tuba Down in Cuba" (masquerading as "Grandfather Dances the Rhumba"), and "The Great Waltz," all dressed up in their best Sunday-listening-to-Kostelanetz clothes.

The truth is that British and American musical influence of a sort has, indeed, rent a gap in the Curtain. The kind of innocuous, heavily arranged, and indubitably syrupy music which we associate with soundtracks, cocktail lounges, Muzak and, in its lighter moments, with Mickey Mouse has treacled across political boundaries and splattered onto the copy sheets of Soviet arrangers in heavy gobs. Leonid Utiosov and His Orchestra, the Pops Band, and the Theatre Orchestra of Moscow are all playing it sweet. Less brilliant recording techniques, smaller orchestras, and lesser competence with lush scorings are, however, adulterants which dilute what would otherwise be 100 per cent pure samplings of the real McCloy.

Certain of the bands of RLP 171 are labelled as jazz offerings, and possibly they are really intended as such. Here, the carry-over from western influences is decidedly more eclectic, producing sporadically hilarious results. Perhaps the fairest way to describe them would be to say that, at moments of greatest inspiration, there is something which sounds a bit off-center. Analyzing this disturbance, one realizes that what might have sounded well as a brisk, percussive passage for guitar, contrabass, and drums, has been assigned to saxophones. When a cornet is muting a sensitive *obbligato* that would fit in neatly behind a vocalist, it somehow finds itself competing with the trumpet section. It is as if the arranger had distributed parts to his musicians helterskelter, letting ensemble tonality fall where it may. And it does.

Perhaps this, more than most sensitive developments in the international theatre, will impress on our good State Department the expediency of exposing Russian music-makers, at every one's earliest possible convenience, to the calmer influence of jazz as it is played in this country. If not, we fear there's going to be hell to pay.



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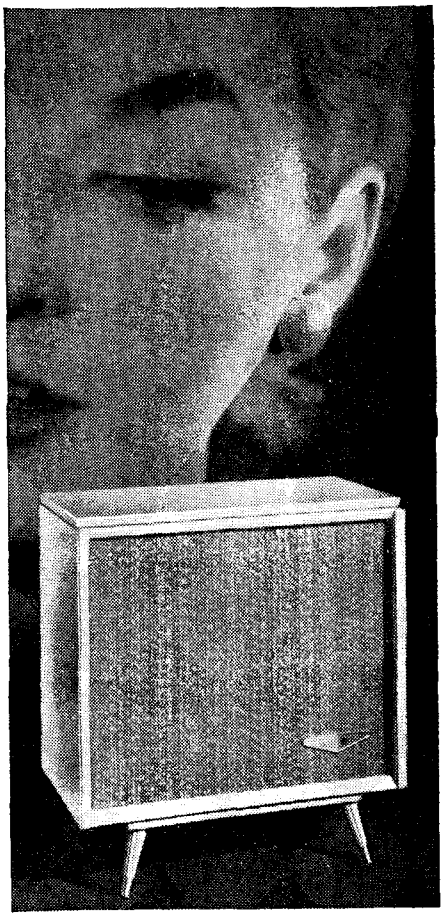

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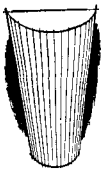

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Tape as You Go

AN EDITOR of a weekly magazine came to see me a few weeks ago. "I am going to the Near East to gather information," he said, "and I might want to record a few conversations verbatim. I thought of taking along a tape or wire recorder for rapid note-taking and to be sure of getting quotations exactly right. What kind of machine do you think I should buy?"

The above question is not an easy one to answer. The traveler who wants to record *en route* must decide, before he buys any equipment, what the recordings will be used for ultimately. A scientific expedition, for instance, would carry with it the best obtainable tape recorders, power generators, sound input equipment, and so forth. The total cost of equipping an expedition—to Africa, let us say—is so great that it would be extremely unwise to employ low-grade equipment to record sounds or data.

But the newspaper reporter is differently situated. He wants a recorder merely for convenience—a work saver. He needs nothing more than an efficient transcribing machine, and if it did stop working there would be no irreparable loss. A tiny pocket wire recorder would be adequate for him, the Miniphone, for example.

There are recording situations, however, in between the two extremes just noted. What are the factors governing the choice of a machine? How can a prospective traveler decide what to get?

Frankly, I am an advocate of the dry-cell operated portable. In the first place, a complete self-powered tape recorder, operated by batteries, is desirable because electric current supplies vary tremendously, especially overseas. Even in the USA many older cities still have direct current in downtown sections. In Europe electric current may vary from 90 volts direct current to 440 volts alternating current. The frequencies of the alternating currents also vary considerably. One requires several accessories, such as motor-generators or converters, transformers and resistors, to change the electricity supplied to the kind of current the recorder must have to operate properly. These accessories, especially the converters (used to convert one kind of electricity to another kind) are quite heavy and expensive to transport, notably *via* air.

There are several good self-powered portable tape-recorders available in the USA, Europe, and Japan. To name a few—the American made Minitape and Magnemite, the British-made EMI and Reporter and the Tokyo Tsushin portable—these machines are designed for good quality recording with the least possible expenditure of labor. They weigh from fourteen to twenty pounds; a new Swiss recorder weighs only eight pounds. Several of these machines are operated entirely from batteries; the tape is pulled by a tiny motor powered by dry cells or small storage batteries. Others, like the Magnemite, use battery power for working the vacuum tube amplifiers, while a spring-driven motor pulls the tape past the magnetic heads.

APART from other considerations, low flutter contributes most to high-quality tape recording. Low flutter, in plain English, means smooth, even motion of the tape past the magnetic heads. Unless this motion is practically free of flutter high-quality recording or reproduction cannot take place. No other specification means as much as "percentage of flutter." Do not be misled by claims that the recorder will cover the band from 20 to 20,000 cycles per second. Good quality sound from 100 to 8,000 cycles per second, recorded on a machine with low flutter, is much to be preferred to so-called "high fidelity" sound recorded on a machine with excessive flutter.

There is hardly enough space here to describe the other facts about portable tape recorders that the prospective traveler should know. This, however, should be borne home to him: learn to use the tape recorder, and learn how to *place* the microphone before you begin to travel. The best tape recorder in the world will not make a good recording by itself. It records the sound that is fed to it by the microphone, and the microphone cannot think. You have to do its thinking for it, and, by experiment, find out how to place it for the results you want to get. The *art* in recording sound consists in knowing where to put the microphone, and there is no royal road to proficiency in this respect. You can study the propagation of sound, and acoustics—and then experiment some more. After a few weeks, months or years you will be able to record sound that, upon reproduction, will sound something like the original.

—JOEL TALL.

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One (16rpm) for the Road

MAN'S ingenuity to man has always astounded me. First came the wheel, then the internal combustion engine, and now the latest thing is a crafty wee device called Highway Hi-Fi. Yes, you can now have a hi-fi phonograph in your car. I'm not sure why it has to be hi-fi, though. My hi-fi friends are hi-fi friends if you know what I mean, and acutely sound-conscious. Heavens, the noise of a butterfly alarms them, and they get conniption fits when a flake of dandruff hits the floor with a resounding crash. I shudder to think what sundry engine and traffic sounds would do to their sensitive ear drums.

The records are a bit of a problem as they whip round at only 16⅔ r.p.m. and have to be specially made. Now here's a chance for the manufacturers to render motorists a real service by issuing records suitable for a variety of occasions. For example, if you get nabbed by an Irish cop for speeding, slip on a record of a tear-sodden Irish tenor trilling "Danny Boy" or "Mother McCree," and all will be well; of course, if he turns out to be of Italian extraction, Mario Lanza's rendition of "Come Back to Sorrento" should be tried. If these ploys fail, one could try Monteverdi's "Air from the Coronation of Poppaea: May Sweet Oblivion Lull Thee." As a last resort, play the national anthem in the North or "Dixie" South, and depart swiftly about the tenth bar. Here are some suggested discs for tricky situations:

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BUYING A CAR. If the owner has a phonograph, wait till he's not looking and slip on a record of an aged car in the last stages of consumption of the carburetor or cirrhosis of the cylinders. If you have trouble locating such a record, the pathological percussion of Edgard Varèse's "Ionisation," played at full volume, will do nicely instead.

TRAFFIC JAMS. For 5 pm Friday night cross-town travel in New York, Chopin's "Funeral March" is strongly recommended.

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ACCIDENTS. There is unlimited scope here for comfort in your hour of need. For example, when the Merritt Parkway gets a bit slippy and you have to make time, "Nearer My God to Thee" would seem appropriate. And when someone bumps into you, either John Dowland's (1563-1626) little ditty "Shall I Sue" or Buxtehude's jolly cantata "Aperite Mihi Portas Justitiae" ("Open to Me the Gates of Justice") are handy to have along. Of course, if you aren't carrying any insurance and should happen to slam smartly into a 1956 Cadillac, Dowland's "Flow My Tears" is an automatic choice, with J. S. Bach's chorale "Wo Soll Ich Fliehen Hin?" (Where Shall I Flee To?") a good second—and you could always play this same gentleman's "O Lamm Gottes, Unschuldig" ("O Innocent Lamb of God") on the brisk road to the police station.

—L. R. C. AGNEW.

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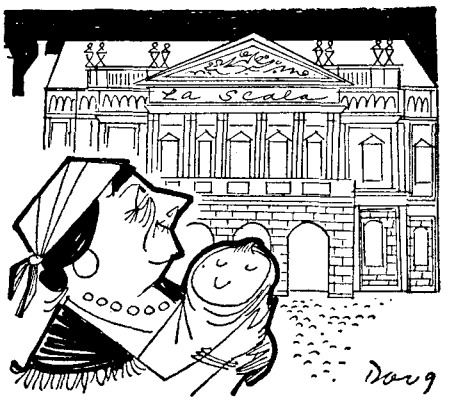

By MARIE CHAY

TO MY grandmother the most tone-deaf Italian, even if he is from the South, can sing better than a trained singer of any other nationality. Naturally, "those of ours" are the best singers of all, they being pure, full-strength Piedmontese with nothing added.

"Can anyone do any better than Francesco Tamagno?" she states rather than asks.

"Caruso?" my grandfather sometimes dares ask.

My grandmother lifts her eyebrows and shoulders in a bored way. "Not bad for a Neapolitan," she answers.

Among the Piedmontese the best singers are unquestionably in my grandmother's family. My grandmother will have it no other way and she has spent her entire life seeing it so, no matter what the real facts are.

Even at her present age of eighty-eight-and-a-half my grandmother has a very nice soprano voice. "My singing is certainly still as good as that of Americans like Eleanor Steber or Dorothy Kirsten," my grandmother insists when pushed to it. "I'm not exactly a Lina Cavalieri," she goes on in a modest and yet watchful way. She would be furious if anyone dared agree with her, but, of course, none of her family does.

Since she herself can sing, it is only natural, then, that her descendants should be as good or better. That is, if she had had any help at all from my grandfather. He, though, can't sing a note, but my grandmother gets around this effrontery nicely.

"One of his great-great-grandmothers was an Irish girl, Maggie Costello," she says in the low voice she uses when speaking of this shame. "Didn't know one note from another," she adds with satisfaction and with the sureness of one who knew intimately this unfortunate foreigner so lacking in musical ability.

If my grandfather hears her, he tells whoever is around, and in a loud voice, that another of his great-great-grandmothers was a gypsy. "Marvelous singers, all of them," he says with admiration, but my grandmother will not admit that.

"Singing an aria and strangling a folk song to the twang of a guitar are hardly comparable," she points out to him. "He's really no disgrace to the rest of us," my grandmother goes on as she looks in an impersonal way at my grandfather's sky blue eyes and blond hair. "Who would ever take him for one of ours?"

In spite of this lack of musical support from her husband, my grandmother could hardly wait for her own children to grow up so she could hear how beautifully they sang.

"She would have then passed them on to La Scala and the world," my grandfather says. "Instead, nothing," and he throws out his hands in a gesture of defeat.

My mother has a strong, very high soprano voice, but she has gray eyes, light brown hair, and a fair skin, so that my grandmother could never decide whether this talent was a distinction or not.

"The voice, yes, but she's just like her father," my grandmother says as she takes her usual stance, arms outstretched, eyes closed, and face turned toward heaven. "Couldn't she have taken after me in looks too?" she asks in a quivering voice of a dying Violetta Valery.

My father, who is a huge man and properly dark, also has a nice tenor voice, and though he is an outsider, and only permitted in my grandmother's household because of marriage, he is a full-blooded Piedmontese, he can sing, and so my grandmother long ago added him to the rest of her vocal securities.

"A veritable Caruso," my grandmother insists, listening to him with pleasure.

"Only in waist measure," my grandfather observes.

"Just like Francesco Tamagno," my grandmother goes on, sighing and ignoring my grandfather.

"In waist measure, height, and weight, yes."

"A Turinese. One of ours. If I close my eyes I can't tell the difference."

"True, true." My grandfather bows

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his head and sadly admits his defeat.

My grandmother is sure that her family's lack of operatic material is caused in part by this country. "Who can sing in *that* land?" she asks as if America were near the North Pole or south of Patagonia. "At home we all sang. We worked in the fields, we were tired as slaves and still we sang," she continues, getting more and more enthusiastic.

"Even the birds gave up in despair," my grandfather breaks in to say with equal enthusiasm. "Piedmontese birds, that is. They knew it was hopeless against those of ours. There was no competing. Such music, such . . ."

My grandmother when she hears this makes a chopping motion with her right hand which she always does when she is annoyed. "It isn't necessary to make an opera out of it," she says in a haughty voice. "Leave that to Verdi and Puccini. They are the masters."

For years, not having an opera star in the immediate family was an annoying disappointment for my grandmother, but she pushed this disappointment vigorously aside as she began to concentrate on the next generation, her grandchildren. Unfortunately, there is nothing much there either.

My two brothers are both tall, big and dark and have voices of magnificent volume but no quality or staying power. The only use to which they put their voices is to yell at football or baseball games. My older brother, at a party, likes to declaim "Gentle Alice Brown" in a singing style of his own and with his own "music."

My younger brother, when at the three-quarter mark in a party, likes to bellow out "Waltzing Mathilda," if the day has been good, or to hum "Song of India" in a mournful way if the day has been bad.

"Thousands of songs of those of ours and he has to go half-way around the world for his," my grandmother says with a wail whenever she hears him.

The years she spent making my brothers and me listen to recordings of the great Italian opera stars didn't do much more for my younger brother than it did for my older brother and me. The only difference is that we two like to listen to that kind of music. Even that is something but not enough for my grandmother.

"It's performance that counts," my grandfather tells us slyly, and that we are unable to do.

"Now listen well this time," my grandmother would say, annoyed as she again played a record for us on an old Victor with a large, blue morning-glory horn. "Listen, listen!" she would command as one of my brothers or I squirmed or poked one of the

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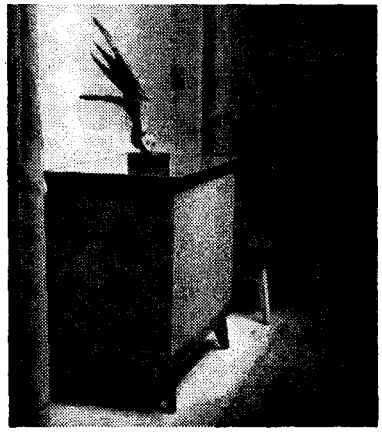

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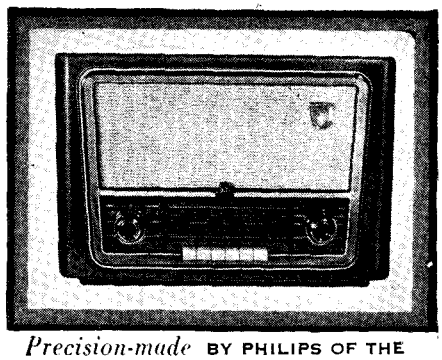

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others. "Martinelli singing 'La donna è mobile'."

"Is he from Turin?" my younger brother once asked.

My grandmother shook her head impatiently. "No, no! That was Francesco Tamagno. Can't you remember? But Martinelli is an Italian too."

My grandmother would stand with her left arm supporting her right elbow and her right hand on her cheek, her head a little tilted as she listened and no doubt saw one of her grandsons taking the place of the singer.

"But we don't understand the words!" my older brother complained once when she made us listen five times in a row to Caruso singing "Celeste Aïda."

"Misericordia!" my grandmother said to heaven and threw up her arms. "Italians all, those of ours yet, and they don't even understand a word of their mother tongue!"

The only two words my brothers and I could understand were in the title of the song, and those were the only two we were interested in, because in school we knew a girl named Celeste Lawson and another, a Spanish girl, with the name of Aïda Martínez. While Caruso sang, we whispered to each other about the two girls and wondered about the fun they were then having.

Although we listened to the records, it didn't seem to do any good. Not a single opera star came out of my grandmother's grandchildren.

As if all this weren't enough, only two of my grandmother's grandchildren married "those of ours." The others all married foreigners—Austrians, South Italians and, worst of all, Americans.

It is hardly necessary for my grandmother to wait until these foreign great-grandchildren are grown up to find out if they can sing. She knows right now that they can't, and no matter how many recordings of Italian opera stars she might force them to listen to will do any good. It didn't with the generation before them which was pure Piedmontese, so how can it with this one which consists of "half breeds"?

"How many times did I tell them to keep the blood line pure?" she asks time and again. "What can you get from a mixture but a mixture?"

One of her two "pure" grandchildren is childless. The other has two children, and my grandmother has all her hopes and her records concentrated on them.

"I'm not a hundred yet," she points out to her friends. "Eighteen or twenty years more and with my teaching, I'll live to see myself vindicated. La Scala will hear from me yet!"

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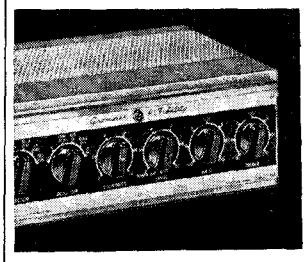

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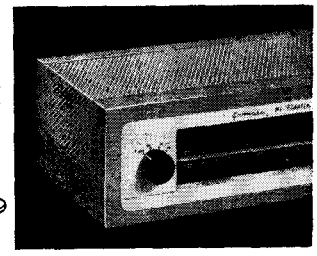

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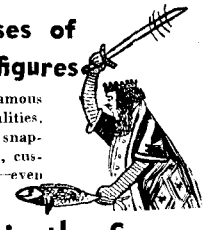

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THE OTHER SIDE

NIPPER'S NEW ENGLISH MASTER

LONDON.

IT IS about four years since we were astounded by the news that Columbia, Inc. proposed to terminate its two-way agreement with its English namesake and, instead, form an alliance with the famous Dutch radio firm of Philips. Not much more than a year later, seismographs sensitive to disturbances in the record industry began to register rumblings from another of EMI's transatlantic links, that between HMV and RCA Victor.

Now, however, has come an announcement giving official news of an upheaval which may well prove to be more far-reaching than the realignment which gave birth to the Angel label. The reciprocal recording agreement between EMI and RCA is to end and, as from May of next year, Victor recordings—from Eartha Kitt to Toscanini—will be issued in this country by Decca! Similarly, HMV recordings are to appear in the United States under the sponsorship of EMI's own American organization, which was set up in the autumn of 1953 to maintain English Columbia's transatlantic outlet.

Most of us have become somewhat inured against international upheavals in the record world, but it is difficult to regard with indifference the plight of a certain little doggie, hero of the world's most famous trademark, who will soon be wondering which one of his master's voices he is supposed to pay attention to. Whatever happens to him—and I take it that he will belong to RCA in the States and to Gramophone in England—there can be no doubt that next year will see the dissolution of an alliance which was already a fact long before most of us became aware of the phonograph in our nursery days.

By way of compensation, EMI are now beginning to reap the fruits of their Capitol purchase—not forgetting to make the most of the current visit of Stan Kenton—and I have no doubt that everyone at Hayes and Abbey Road is delighted at the forthcoming return to the fold of one whose name had adorned Columbia and HMV labels for more than a quarter of a century. He is none other than Sir Thomas Beecham, Bart., who will celebrate the event by recording his own arrangement of Handel's "Solomon," having revived the oratorio at a Festival Hall concert last November when the newly formed Beecham Choral Society received its baptism of fire.

While on the subject of the record industry's Musical Chairs, I ought to mention, too, the recent change in Mercury's English Affiliation: away from Oriole and into the Nixa-Pye camp. If musicians no less than canine trade-marks find all this activity rather bewildering, I know one international recording celebrity who can afford to view such goings-on with amused detachment. David Oistrakh, who bestows his recording favors impartially and whose name now graces the labels of four different companies (without any of them having had to resort to piracy), has been visiting these shores again after his recent visit to America and has given four concerts as well as appearing on radio and television. He came on this occasion not as part of any "cultural delegation" but under commercial management, and his performances, which included the new Shostakovich Concerto—heard here for the first time—as well as those of Brahms, Tchaikovsky, and Sibelius, were acclaimed with even greater enthusiasm than on the occasion of his previous visit. Only his sonata recital with Yampolsky proved a little disappointing; after perfunctory Beethoven and wayward Brahms he finally warmed to his task in a second half consisting of Prokofiev and Tartini, bringing the audience to its feet with a scintillating account of the "Devil's Trill." Philips has already announced the forthcoming release of the Oistrakh-Mitropoulos Shostakovich recording and it remains to be seen in whose studios and to what purpose this great violinist spent what spare hours were available to him while in London.

Another Russian artist to appear here this month was the cellist Rostropovich, whose masterly performance of the Dvořák Concerto showed that he has matured considerably since recording the work in Prague with Talich (for Supraphon) and compelled several critics to link his name with that of Casals. It is to be hoped that he, too, found time to leave us with some tangible mementos of his art. —THOMAS HEINITZ.

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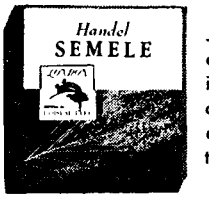

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Letters to the *RECORDINGS* Editor

MILHAUD'S "CREATION"

ALTHOUGH THERE is no doubt that George Gershwin was probably the most outstanding and original composer of what we in the entertainment world call show tunes, is Mr. Chasins really correct in his statement, "There was, then, an Iron Curtain between 'Bad Music' and 'Good Music.' In 1924 George Gershwin demolished it with his 'Rhapsody in Blue'"? I personally think that the tremendous publicity given this work, coupled with the fact that it was accorded a much ballyhooed premiere at the Aeolian Hall, with no less a luminary than the extremely popular Paul Whiteman on the podium, was responsible for this lifting of the Curtain rather than the musical content of the work itself.

In 1923 the record companies for the most part issued only the conventional four-minute song or short orchestral composition; radio was in its initial stages; and so, unlike nowadays when complete and new works—such as the Shostakovitch Violin Concerto—are available to the public on LP recordings within a short time of their world premieres—new works could go unheard, except by a few people, for some time. I am specifically referring to "La Création du Monde," by Darius Milhaud. According to fact, this work predated Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue" by nearly a year, and anyone who will take the time to listen to Leonard Bernstein's fine recording of it can hardly fail to realize that the beliefs of the myriads of rather fanatical Gershwin worshipers that he was first in this field of musical endeavor are completely false.

I think it is a shame that the legend of George Gershwin and his untimely death has placed him on a pedestal rather in excess of his ability at that time. There is no doubt that he was an enormously talented man—what he might have achieved will, unfortunately for the world, remain an eternal secret.

But let us be just and give credit where credit is due to a Frenchman who first showed how the influence of Negro jazz could be welded into the structure of contemporary European Music.

GILBERT RUSSELL.

Los Angeles, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *"The Creation of the World" is an interesting anticipation, on an intellectual level, of what Gershwin did—far more successfully—on an emotional one.*

MOZART'S BURIAL

NEARLY EVERY PIECE about Mozart that is published in this bicentenary year contains a reference to the "disgraceful" circumstances of his burial in a "pauper's grave." It might interest your readers to look at those circumstances against the background of the Vienna of 1791.

Among the pet phobias of Joseph II, the "revolutionary emperor" (1780-90), were the superstitious notions his subjects entertained about tombs and graveyards. On August 23, 1784, he "made burial in church crypts illegal . . . Remains of bodies that in many cases had for centuries reposed in crypts were dug up and, to the amazement and mortification of the lower classes, transported to cemeteries amid all signs of disrespect. . . . The remains of numerous princes, bishops, and scholars were dealt with in that manner" ("Geschichte der österreichischen Staatsverwaltung," by Ignaz Beidtel, Innsbruck, 1869, p.243-44). According to the same source, it was decreed (December 20, 1784) that the dead should not be buried in coffins, but merely sewn into sacks and covered with quicklime before being interred. "At the same time most of the ceremonies customary at funerals were legally abolished."

It is true that Joseph II had to repeal the law within a year, after a riot against its enforcement had led to bloodshed. But the spirit of the peculiar decree remained alive among "enlightened" people. For a good many years after Joseph's death they scorned ceremonious funerals. Although probably not unaware of the absurdity and rashness of much of the "enlightened" legislation of the 1780s, the majority of educated men still were in agreement with its violently anticlerical tendencies. This is certainly true of the Vienna Freemasons, among whom Mozart in his last years had his closest associations.

The circumstances of his interment are unlikely to have shocked them even after it turned out that Mozart's grave could no longer be located. But those circumstances have shocked—or, rather, pleased—posterity for more than a century. The disrespect with which a genius is supposed to have been treated by his benighted contemporaries always pleases enlightened posterity.

ROBERT PICK.

New York, N.Y.

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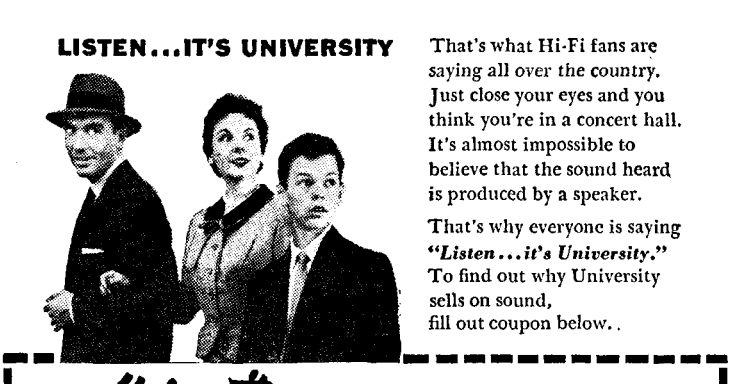
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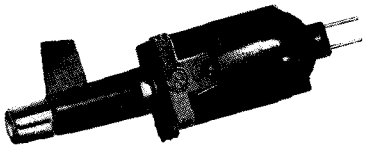

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HOROWITZ AND RACHMANINOFF

While listening to Tchaikovsky's First Piano Concerto performed by Horowitz, Toscanini, and the NBC, it came to mind (for about the 300th time) that it is too bad that RCA has not issued a recording of Rachmaninoff's Second Piano Concerto with Horowitz as the artist.

Although Rubinstein is one of the outstanding concert pianists of today, to my mind he never quite measures up to Horowitz. Such a recording by Horowitz would compete with Rubinstein's, but it does not seem that the competition would have any adverse effect. RCA has issued both artists in recordings of Tchaikovsky with success. Why withhold a recording from the public that is greatly desired and would undoubtedly sell well? The contribution of RCA to the recording field cannot be denied, but why should they stop short on Rachmaninoff?

Robert D. Ehrlich.

Detroit, Mich.

Editor's Note: *Horowitz does not play the Rachmaninoff No. 2 and, according to informed sources, does not intend to.*

TURNIPS AND PUNS

May I call attention to an amusing error—an error in translation—in "Lifar's 'Romeo' in Paris" (*SR* Feb. 25). Here the word *navet* is translated as *radish,* turning the succulent French dish "duck with *turnips*" into "duck with radishes." Shades of Brillat-Savarin! The expression, "un gros navet aux canards" should thus read, "a large turnip with ducks" (a serious flop with sour notes).

J. D. Townsend.

Cohasset, Mass.

Editor's Note: *Radish or turnip, it's still a complicated pun.*

ONEGIN'S MEYERBEER

In the article on Meyerbeer [*SR* Feb. 25], the author might have mentioned the really amazing Victor record of the Prison Scene from his "La Prophete" by the contralto Sigrid Onegin which was made in the 1930s. This is an extraordinary example of virtuoso vocalism. Its extreme difficulty, requiring an almost phenomenal range of voice, provides one of the clues why Meyerbeer's operas are seldom performed in the modern opera house.

W. E. Gruning.

Montreal, Canada.

Editor's Note: *The article looks to the future, not the past.*

JAZZ VS. LOVE

This is a tirade. I'm irked by the myopia of jazz-worshipers [*SR* Jan. 14]. The virtues of jazz would be inherent in *any* spontaneous, improvised music—or dance—or any other group effort toward a common purpose; the exhilaration comes from sharing feelings and impulses which are otherwise sub- or un-conscious. Like falling in love, exactly. Why confine the experience to jazz? That only scratches

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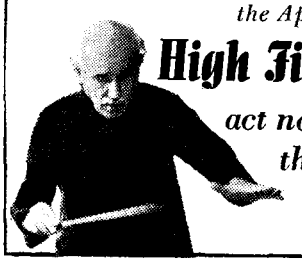

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POLLY PITKIN.

Berkeley, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Fact?*

BIBLIOGRAPHY

MAY I CONGRATULATE you and us, the readers, on the Mozart issue. I, for one, will add this issue to my small library of Mozartiana. However, I would like to point out to you some omissions in Harold Lawrence's otherwise excellent bibliography of books and essays on Mozart, items of omissions which seem to me of historical value:

(1) The very first biographical sketch, preceding Franz Niemetschek's famous "Leben," was written by Friederich von Schlichtegroll and published in his "Nekrolog auf das Jahr 1791, enthaltend Nachrichten von dem Leben merkwuerdiger in diesem Jahre ver storbener Personen." This "Nekrolog," which was published in Gotha in 1793 and reprinted several times, appears to be one of the best *Urquellen* regarding Mozart's youth, as it is based on statements by Mozart's sister and the court-trumpeter of Salzburg, Andreas Schachtner.

(2) The first non-German biography of Mozart, prior to Alexander Ulibichev (mentioned by Lawrence), was authored by Henri Beyle, otherwise known as the famous French novelist Stendhal, and titled "Lettres écrites de Vienne en Austriche sur le célèbre compositeur J. Haydn, suivies d'une vie de Mozart et de Métastase par M. de Stendhal"; it was published by Dido in Paris 1817, was translated into the English 1817 and 1818, and was also translated and published in this country in Boston in 1839.

HANS A. ILLING.

Los Angeles, Calif.

MOZART MS.

IN THE ARTICLE "Mozart in 'Clavierland'" (Abram Chasins) you printed a photograph of the first page of Mozart's Sonata K. 310 for clavier (page 41). The Köchel number is correct; however, the key of the sonata is A Minor, not F Minor.

RHODA LEVIN.

Levittown, N. Y.

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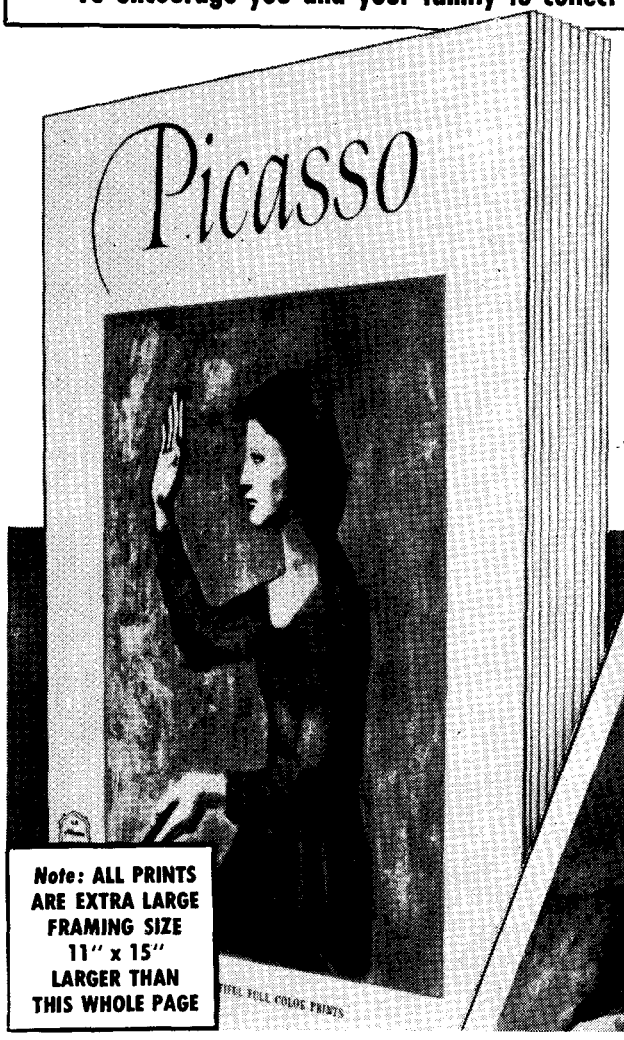

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